BRITANNIA'S
Pastorals.
Lond: printed for Geo: Norton, dwell: at Temple barr: W Hole fe

- maturumq animū ante annos
Virg.

# TO THE NO LESSE ENOBLED BY *VERTVE*, then ancient in *Nobilitie*, the right Honorable EDWARD, Lord *Zouch*, Saint-*Maure*, and *Cantelupe*, and one of his *Maiesties* most Honourable Priuie COVNCELL.

HOnors bright Ray,
More highly crown'd with *vertue* then with *yeares*,
Pardon a Rusticke *Muse* that thus appeares
In *Shepheards gray*,
Intreating your attention to a Lay
Fitting a *Siluan Bowre*, not *Courtly Traines*;
Such choiser eares
Should haue *Apollo's* priests, not *Pans* rude Swaines:
But if the *Musicke* of contented Plaines
A thought vpreares
For your approuement of that part she beares,
VVhen time (that *Embrions* to perfection brings)
Hath taught her straines,
May better boast their being from the *Spring*;
VVhere braue *Heroës* worths the *Sisters* sing:
(In Lines whose raignes
In spight of *Enuy* and her restlesse paines,
Be vnconfin'd as blest eternitie:)
The Vales shall ring
Thy Honor'd Name, and euery Song shall be
A *Pyramis* built to thy *Memorie*.

*Your Honors*:

W. BROVVNE.

# To the Reader.

THE *times are ſwolne ſo big with nicer wits,*
*That nought ſounds good but what* Opinion *ſtrikes,*
Cenſure *with* Iudgement *ſeld together ſits;*
*And now the* Man *more then the* Matter *likes.*

*The great* Rewardreſſe *of a* Poets *Penne,*
Fame, *is by thoſe ſo clogg'd ſhee ſeldome flyes,*
*The* Muſes *ſitting on the graues of men,*
*Singing that* Vertue *liues and neuer dyes,*

*Are chas'd away by the malignant Tongues*
*Of ſuch, by whom* Detraction *is ador'd:*
*Hence growes the want of euer-liuing Songs,*
*With which our* Ile *was whilome brauely ſtor'd.*

*If ſuch a* Baſiliske *dart downe his Eye,*
*(Impoyſon'd with the dregs of vtmoſt hate)*
*To kill the firſt Bloomes of my Poeſie,*
*It is his worſt, and makes me fortunate.*
*Kinde wits I vaile to, but to fooles preciſe,*
*I am as confident as they are nice.*

From the Inner Temple, *Iune* the 18. 1613.

*W. B.*

IN

# Bucolica G. Broun:

## Quod, per ſeceſſus Ruſtici otia, Licuit ad *Amic. & Bon. Lit. amantiſs.*

### *Anacreonticum.*

Κάλλος σὸν Κυθέρεια,
Σὸν, Κόραι Διὸς, ἦθος
Εμνήσθυσαν, Ἱλερμέ.
Τῇ συμπράξαν Ἐρῶτες·
Ταῖς σὺν Παλλάδι Φοῖβος·
Τῆς Μοῦσαι προκατῆρχον·
Ταῖς Σὺ Δοῦλος ὑπάρχεις·
Τῆς ὑμὴν ἀεκούσης.

Ὦ γὰρ ἐς ἀνέρας
Τυχὴ, Ἔννεα τῆνον
Φεύγουσ', αὐτῷ ἕπονται
Ὃς προστύσετ' Ἐρῶτας.
Μούσαις κ' Ἀφρογενείῃ
Πρῶπτον, τοῦτο πέλεσκε.
Νόσσαξ ἀμφοτερῇσιν
Οὕτως ἐσσὶ φίλιστος.

### Ad Amoris Numina.

*QVin voſtrum* Paphie, Anteros, Eróſq;
*Vt Regnum capiat mali quid, abſit!*
Venus, *per Syrium nimìs venuſtum!*
*Amplexus teneros, pares, ſuäues*
Pſyches, *per, tibi, Baſiationum*
Eros *quantum erat! & per* Anterotis
*Fœlices Animas! periclitanti*
*Obteſtor, dubiæq; conſulatis*
*Rei voſtræ! Miſerûm magìs fauete*
*Languori, Miſerûm fauete Amantum,*
*Diui, cordolio! Quod eſt amatum*
*Ictu propitij ferite pectus!*
*Ictus quin ſit ab aurea ſagitta!*
*Ortas Spe placitâ fouete flammas!*
*Ortis quin Similes parate flammas!*
*Suas gnauitèr ambiant** Neæras!
*Et cautìm Laciant ſuos* Neæræ!
*Dextras ſternuite adprobationes!*
*Adſuctis detur Oſculum labellis!*
*Et iunctis detur Oſculum ſaliuis!*

* *Amica, Domina* (noſtro idiomate amatorio, Miſtreſſe) & *Neara* ſunt vti ſynonyma *Prudentio*, ante alios, Peri Steph. hymn. 12. & alicubi. v. ſi placet & *Ioſ. Scalig.* ad 3. *Tibulli.*

Tui

*Tui Nectaris adde, Diua,* Quinctam.*
*Conturbet tremulæ libido linguæ,*
*Ne quis Basia * fascinare possit!*
*Morsus mutua temperet voluptas!*
*Dormitis, nimiumq; defuistis*
*Procis, atq; Adamantinis Puellis.*
*Isthæc prospiciens tibi*, Cupido,
*Audax admonui. Tuas* Apollo,
Deusq; Arcadiæ, Minerua, & Hermes
*Supplantant* Veneres. Murinus *arcum*
*Tendit, quin iaculis tuâ pharetrâ*
*Surreptis petimur*. Camena *texit*
*Cantu dædala, blandulum* Aphrodites
*Cestum, & insidias plicat*. Mineruæ
*Buxus*, Mercurij *Chelys, Cicuta*
Fauni, *dulce melos canunt*. Erota
*En, olim* docuit, plagas* Eroti
*Iam tendit*, Iuuenis, Poëta, Pastor.
*Isthæc prospiciens tibi*, Cupido,
*Audax admonui. Faue* Cupido.

* *Horat.* Carm. 1. od. 13.

* Ne scilicet quis pernumeret. Finitus n. & notus numerus fascino, apud Veteres, obnoxius. Idq; in *Basijs* obseruatum habes ap. *Catull.* carm. 5. & 7.

* *Amor à Pastore* omne genus Musices olim edoctus. *Bion* Idyll. 3.

BY THE SAME.

SO much a Stranger my *Seuerer Muse*
Is not to Loue-strains, or a Shepwards Reed,
But that She knows some Rites of *Phœbus* dues,
Of *Pan*, of *Pallas*, and hir Sisters meed.
Read and Commend She durst these tun'd Essaies
Of *Him that loues her* (Shee hath euer found
Hir studies as one Circle.) Next She prayes
His Readers be with *Rose* and *Myrtle* crown'd!
No *Willow* touch them! As His* *Baies* are free
From wrong of Bolts, so may their Chaplets bee!

*I. Selden* Iuris C.

* Baies (*Faire Readers*) *being the materials of* Poets *ghirlands* (*as* Myrtle *and* Rosts *are for enioy.ng* Louers, *and the fruitlesse* Willow *for them which your inconstancie, too oft, makes most vnhappy*) *are supposed not subiect to any hurt of* Iupiters *Thunderbolts, as other Trees are.*

## To his Friend the AVTHOR.

*DRiue forth thy Flocke, young Paſtor, to that Plaine,*
*Where our old Shepheards wont their flocks to feed;*
*To thoſe cleare walkes, where many a skilfull Swaine*
*To'ards the calme eu'ning, tun'd his pleaſant Reede.*
*Thoſe, to the* Muſes *once ſo ſacred, Downes,*
*As no rude foote might there preſume to ſtand:*
*(Now made the way of the vnworthieſt Clownes,*
*Dig'd and plow'd vp with each vnhallowed hand)*
*If poſsible thou canſt, redeeme thoſe places,*
*Where, by the brim of many a ſiluer Spring,*
*The learned Maydens, and delightfull Graces*
*Often haue ſate to heare our Shepheards ſing:*
*Where on thoſe* Pines *the neighb'ring Groues among,*
*(Now vtterly neglected in theſe dayes)*
*Our Garlands, Pipes, and Cornamutes were hong,*
*The monuments of our deſerued praiſe.*
*So may thy Sheepe like, ſo thy Lambes increaſe,*
*And from the Wolfe feede euer ſafe and free!*
*So maiſt thou thriue, among the learned preaſe,*
*As thou, young Shepheard, art belou'd of mee!*

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

*To his Ingenious and worthy Friend the* AVTHOR.

HE that will tune his Oaten-Pipe aright,
To great *Apollo's* Harpe: hee that will write
A liuing Poeme; muſt haue many yeeres,
And ſetled iudgement 'mongſt his equall peeres,
In well-rig'd Barke to ſteere his doubtfull courſe;
Leaſt ſecret, rockie Enuy; or the ſource
Of froathy, but Skye-towring Arrogance;
Or fleeting, ſandy vulgar-cenſure, chance
To leaue him ſhip-wrackt, on the deſert Maine,
Imploring aged *Neptunes* help in vaine.
The younger Cygnet, euen at beſt, doth teare,
VVith her harſh ſquealings, the melodious eare:
It is the olde, and dying Swan that ſings
Noates worthy life, worthy the *Theſpian* Springs.
But thou art young; and yet thy voyce as ſweet,
Thy Verſe as ſmooth, Compoſure as diſcreet
As any Swans, whoſe tunefull Noates are ſpent
On *Thames* his bancks; which makes me confident,
He knowes no Muſick, hath nor eares, nor tongue,
That not commends a voyce ſo ſweet, ſo young.

*On him; a Paſterall* ODE *to his faireſt Shepheardeſſe.*

*Syren* more then heauenly faire,
Sweetly breake the yeelding Ayre:
Sing on *Albions* whiteſt rockes:
Sing; whilſt *Willy* to his Plockes,
Deftly tunes his various Reede.
Sing; and hee, whilſt younglings feede,
Anſwere ſhall thy beſt of ſinging,
With his *Rurall Muſicke*, bringing
Equall pleaſure; and requite
Muſickes ſweet with like delight.
What though *Willyes* Songs be plaine?
Sweet they be: for hee's a Swaine
Made of purer mould then earth.
Him did *Nature* from his birth,
And the *Muſes* ſingle out,
For a ſecond *Colin Clout*.
*Tityrus* made him a ſinger:
*Pan* him taught his Pipe to finger:
Numbers, curious eare to pleaſe,
Learn'd he of *Paſtorides*.
*Kate* loues him; and the Laſſes
Point at him, as by he paſſes,
Wiſhing neuer tongue that's bad
Cenſure may ſo blithe a Lad.
Therefore well can he requite
Muſickes ſweet with like delight:
Sing then; breake the yeelding ayre,
*Syren* more then heauenly fayre.

*Edward Heyward*
è So. Int. Templ.

## To his Friend the AVTHOR, *vpon his Poem.*

THis *plant* is knotleſſe that puts forth theſe leaues,
Vpon whoſe Branches I his praiſe doe ſing:
Fruitfull the Ground, whoſe verdure it receiues
From fertile Nature, and the learned *Spring*.
In zeale to Good; knowne, but vnpractiz'd Ill,
Chaſt in his thoughts, thogh in his youthful *prime*,
He writes of Paſt'rall Loue, with Nectar'd Quill,
And offers vp his firſt fruits vnto Time.
Receiue them (*Time*) and in thy Border place them
Among thy various Flowers of Poeſie;
No *Enuy* blaſt, nor *Ignorance* deface them,
But keepe them freſh in fayreſt Memory!
And, when frō *Daphne's tree* he plucks more *baies*
His *ſhepherds pipe* may chant more heau'nly laies.

*Chriſtopher Brooke.*

### *ANAGRAMMA.*

Guilielmus Browne.
Ne vulgo Librum eius.

*SI vulgus guſtare tuo velis apta palato;*
*I, pete vulgares, ac aliunde, dapes,*
*Nil vulgare ſapit Liber hic; hinc vulgus abeſto:*
*Non niſi delicias hæc tibi menſa dabit.*

FR. DYNNE.
*è So. Int. Templ.*

## *To his Friend the Author.*

ON (Iolly Lad) and hye thee to the Field
Among the beſt Swaines that the Vallies yeeld;
Goe boldly, and in preſence of them all,
Proceede a Shepheard with this Paſtorall.
Let *Pan*, and all his rurall Traine attending,
From ſtately *Mountaines* to the *plaines* deſcending,
Salute this Paſtor with their kinde embraces;
And entertaine him to their holy places.
Let all the *Nymphes* of Hils and Dales together
Kiſſe him for earneſt of his welcome thither:
Crowne him with garlands of the choiſeſt flowres,
And make him euer dwell within their Bowres:
For well I wote in all the Plaines around,
There are but few ſuch Shepheards to be found,
That can ſuch learned Layes and Ditties frame,
Or aptly fit their tunes vnto the ſame.
And let them all (if this young Swaine ſhould die)
Tune all their *Reedes* to ſing his *Memorie*.

THO. GARDINER.

*è So. Int. Templ.*

## To the AVTHOR.

*HAd I beheld thy* Muſe *vpon the Stage,*
*A Poeſie in faſhion with this age;*
*Or had I ſeene, when firſt I view'd thy taske,*
*An actiue wit dance in a* Satyres *Maske,*
*I ſhould in thoſe haue prais'd thy Wit and Art,*
*But not thy ground, A Poems better part:*
*VVhich being the perfect'ſt Image of the Braine,*
*Not fram'd to any baſe end, but to gaine*
*True approbation of the* Artiſts *worth,*
*VVhen to an open view he ſets it forth,*
*Iudiciouſly, hee ſtriues; no leſſe t'adorne*
*By a choiſe Subiect, then a curious Forme:*
*VVell haſt thou then paſt o'er all other rhime,*
*And in a* Paſtorall *ſpent thy leaſures time:*
*VVhere fruit ſo faire, and field ſo fruitfull is,*
*That hard it is to iudge whether in This*
*The Subſtance or the Faſhion more excell,*
*So precious is the Iemme, and wrought ſo well.*
*Thus reſt thou prais'd of mee, Fruit, Field, Iemme, Art,*
*Doe claime much praiſe to equall ſuch Deſart.*

W. FERRAR.
*è So. Med. Templ.*

## *To the Author.*

FRiend, Ile not erre in blazing of thy Worth;
This Worke in trueſt termes will ſet it forth:
In theſe few lines the all I doe intend
Is but to ſhew that I haue ſuch a Friend.

FR. OVLDE.
*è So. Inr. Templ.*

### *Faults eſcaped.*

*PAge 5. verſe 20. for* birth *read* breath. 7. 30. *Lether, Lethe.* 8. 13. was, were. *ibid.* 14. *Calchos, Colchos. ibid.* 37. what, why. 11. 39. *Clorine, Marine.* 18. 27. broke, brooke. 19. 5. them, him. 22. 9. dare, dar'd. 27. 20. *Calandine, Celandine.* 30. 17. *Phenecians, Phenicians.* 31. 17. angry, raging. 32. 22. ſo much for loue, ſo much loue. 38. 10. ymet, nye met. 63. 7. Cottages affords, Cottage did afford. *ibid.* 8. words, word. 69. 20. raiſed, praiſed. 70. 22. *Wildeneſſe, Wilderneſſe.* 79. 33. *Hinde, Hyne.* 82. 36. he, her. 87. 2. hath, haue.

*Page* 27. *in Marg.* πάντης, πάντες. *ibid.* ἐλλόρηϛον. ἐλλώρηϛον.

BRIT-

# BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

## *The first Song.*

THE ARGVMENT.

Marina's *Loue ycleep'd the faire,*
Celand's *diſdaine, and her deſpaire,*
*Are the firſt wings whereby my Song*
*Soares to the ſacred Helicon.*

LEt whileare neere *Tauies* ſtragling ſpring,
Vnto my ſeely Sheepe did vſe to ſing,
And plaid to pleaſe my ſelfe, on ruſticke Reede,
Nor ſought for *Baye*, (the learned Shepheards meede,)

* *Tauie* is a Riuer, hauing his head in *Dertmore* in *Deuon*, ſome few miles from *Marie-Tauy*, and fals South-ward into *Tamar*: out of the ſame Moore riſeth, running northward, another, called *Tau*: which by the way the rather I ſpeake of, becauſe in the printed *Malmesburie de geſt. Pontifi. lib. 2. fol.* 146. you reade, *Eſt in Domnonia cœnobium Monachorum iuxta Tau fluuium, quod Tauiſtock vocatur*: whereas vpon *Tau* ſtands (neere the North-ſide of the Shire) *Tauſtoke*, being no remnants of a Monaſterie: ſo that you muſt there reade, *iuxta Taui Fluuium*, as in a manuſcript Copie of *Malmesbury* (the forme of the hand aſſuring *Malmesburies* time) belonging to the Abbey of S. *Auguſtine* in *Canterburie* I haue ſeene, in the hands of my very learned Friend Mr. *Selden*.

But as a Swaine vnkent fed on the plaines,
And made the *Eccho* vmpire of my ſtraines:
Am drawne by time, (although the weak'ſt of many)
To ſing thoſe layes as yet vnſung of any.
What neede I tune the Swaines of *Theſſalie?*
Or, bootleſſe, adde to them of *Arcadie?*
No: faire *Arcadia* cannot be compleater,
My praiſe may leſſen, but not make thee greater.
My *Muſe* for loftie pitches ſhall not rome,
But onely pipen of her natiue home:
And to the Swaines, Loue rurall Minſtralſie,
Thus deare BRITANNIA will I ſing of thee,
High on the plaines of that renowned Ile,
Which all men *Beauties* Garden-plot inſtile,
A Shepheard dwelt, whom Fortune had made rich
With all the gifts that ſeely men bewitch.
Neere him a Shepheardeſſe for beauties ſtore
Vnparalell'd of any age before.
Within thoſe breaſts her face a flame did moue,
Which neuer knew before what 'twas to loue,
Dazeling each Shepheards ſight that view'd her eyes.
And as the *Perſians* did idolatriſe
Vnto the *Sunne*: they thought that *Cinthia's* light
Might well be ſpar'd, where ſhee appear'd in night.
And as when many to the goale doe runne,
The price is giuen neuer but to one:
So firſt, and onely, *Celandine* was led,
Of Deſtinies and Heauen much fauoured,
To gaine this Beautie, which I here doe offer
To memorie his paines, who would not proffer
Paines for ſuch pleaſures? yet they were not much,
But that his labours recompence was ſuch
As counteruailed all: for ſhe whoſe paſſion,
(And paſſion oft is Loue) whoſe inclination
Bent all her courſe to him-wards, let him know
Hee was the Elme whereby her Vine did grow:
Yea, tolde him, when his tongue beganne this taske,
Shee knew not to deny when hee ſhould aske.
Finding his ſuite as quickely got as mou'd,
*Celandine* in his thoughts not well approu'd

What

What none could diſallow, his loue grew fained,
And what hee once affected now diſdained.
But faire *Marina* (for ſo was ſhee call'd)
Hauing in *Celandine* her loue inſtall'd,
Affected ſo this faithleſſe ſhepheards Boy,
That ſhee was rapt beyond degree of ioy.
Briefely, ſhee could not liue an houre without him,
And thought no ioy like theirs that liu'd about him.
This variable Shepheard for a while
Did Natures Iewell, by his craft, beguile:
And ſtill the perfecter her loue did grow,
His did appeare more counterfeit in ſhow.
Which ſhee perceiuing that his flame did ſlake,
And lou'd her onely for his *Trophies* ſake:
" For hee that's ſtuffed with a faithleſſe tumour,
" Loues onely for his luſt and for his humour.
Yea, in the end, hee in his merry fit,
Would ſay, his good came, ere hee hop'd for it.
His thoughts for other ſubiects ſet their reſt,
Eſteeming that as nought, which he poſſeſt:
" For, what is gotten but with little paine,
" As little griefe wee take to loſe againe.
VVell-minded *Marine* grieuing, thought it ſtrange
That her ingratefull Swaine did ſeeke for change:
Still by degrees her cares grew to the full,
Ioyes to the wane, heart-rending-griefe did pull
Her from her ſelfe, and ſhe abandon'd all
To cryes and teares, fruits of a funerall:
Running, the mountaines, fields, by watry ſprings,
Filling each caue with wofull ecchoings;
Making in thouſand places her complaint,
And vttering to the trees what her teares meant.
" For griefes conceal'd (proceeding from deſire)
" Conſume the more: as doth a cloſe pent fire.
Whilſt that the dayes ſole *Eye* doth guild the Seas,
In his dayes iourney to th' *Antipodes*:
And all the time the *Ietty-Chariotere*
Hurles her blacke mantle through our *Hemiſphere*,
Vnder the couert of a ſprouding Pyne
Shee ſits and grieues for faithleſſe *Celandine*.

Beginning thus: Alas! and muſt it be
That Loue that thus torments and troubles mee
In ſetling it, ſo ſmall aduice hath lent
To make me captiue, where enfranchiſement
Cannot be gotten? nor where, like a ſlaue,
The office due to faithfull Priſoners, haue?
Oh cruell *Celandine* why ſhouldſt thou hate
Her, who to loue thee, was ordain'd by Fate!
Should I not follow thee, and ſacrifice
My life (like *Phaeton*) to thy cleareſt eyes?
Aye me! of all, my moſt vnhappy lot;
What others would, thou maiſt, and yet wilt not.
Haue I reiected thoſe that me ador'd,
To be of him, whom I adore, abhor'd?
And paſs'd by others teares, to make election
Of one that ſhould ſo paſſe-by my affection?
Then ſure in this I heauenly Powers commend,
"That puniſh ſinners in what they offend.
May be hee takes delight to ſee in mee
The burning rage of helliſh Ielouſie;
Tries if in fury any loue appeares;
And bathes his ioy within my floud of teares.
Or if hee loue to ſoile my ſpotleſſe ſoule:
And mee amongſt deceiued Maides enroule,
To publiſh to the world my open ſhame?
Then heart take freedome; hence accurſed flame;
And, as Queene regent, in my heart ſhall moue
"*Diſdaine*, that onely ouer-ruleth *Loue*:
By this infranchiz'd ſure my thoughts ſhall be,
And in the ſame ſort loue, as thou lou'ſt mee.
But what? or can I cancell or vnbinde
That which my heart hath ſeal'd and Loue hath ſign'd?
No, no, griefe doth deceiue me more each houre;
"For, who ſo truely loues, hath not that power.
I wrong to ſay ſo, ſince of all 'tis knowne,
"VVho yeelds to loue doth leaue to be her owne:
But what auailes my liuing thus apart?
Can I forget him? or out of my heart
Can teares expulſe his Image? ſurely no.
"VVee well may flye the place, but not the woe:

"Loues

"Loues fire is of a nature which by turnes
"Conſumes in preſence, and in abſence burnes.
And knowing this: aye me! vnhappy wight!
VVhat meanes is left to helpe me in this plight?
And from that peeuiſh ſhooting, hood-winckt elfe,
To repoſſeſſe my Loue, my heart, my ſelfe?
Onely this helpe I finde, which I elect:
Since what my life nor can nor will effect,
My ruine ſhall: and by it, I ſhall finde,
"Death cures (when all helps faile) the grieued minde.
And welcome here, (then Loue, a better gueſt)
That of all labours art the onely reſt:
VVhilſt thus I liue all things diſcomfort giue,
The life is ſure a death wherein I liue:
Yea, life and death doe differ but in one,
That life hath euer cares, and death hath none.
But if that hee (diſdainfull Swaine) ſhould know
That for his loue I wrought my ouerthrow;
VVill hee not glory in't? and from my death
Draw more delights, and giue new ioyes their birth?
Admit he doe, yet better 'tis that I
Render my ſelfe to *Death* then *Miſery*:
I cannot liue, thus barred from his ſight
Nor yet endure, in preſence, any wight
Should loue him but my ſelfe. O reaſons eye,
How art thou blinded with vilde Ieloufie!
And is it thus? Then which ſhall haue my bloud,
Or certaine ruine, or vncertaine good?
And doe I doubt? Are we not ſtill aduiz'd,
"That certaintie in all things beſt is priz'd?
Yea, if a certaine end can helpe my mone,
"Know *Death* hath certaintie, but *Life* hath none.
Here is a Mount, whoſe toppe ſeemes to deſpiſe
The farre inferiour Vale that vnder lies:
"Who like a great man rais'd aloft by Fate,
"Meaſures his height by others meane eſtate:
Neere to whoſe foote there glides a ſiluer-floud,
Falling from hence, Ile climbe vnto my good:
And by it finiſh Loue and Reaſons ſtrife,
And end my miſery as well as life.

But

But as a Cowards hartener in warre,
The ſtirring Drumme, keepes leſſer noyſe from farre:
So ſeeme the murmuring waues, tell in mine eare,
That guiltleſſe bloud was neuer ſpilled there:
Then ſtay a while, the Beaſts that haunt thoſe ſprings,
Of whom I heare the fearefull bellowings,
May doe that deede, (as moued by my cry)
Whereby my ſoule, as ſpotleſſe Iuory,
May turne from whence it came, and freed from hence,
Be vnpolluted of that foule offence.
But why protract I time? Death is no ſtranger:
" And generous ſpirits neuer feare for danger:
" Death is a thing moſt naturall to vs,
" And Feare doth onely make it odious.
And as when for her foode abroad doth roue
The *Nuncius of Peace*, the ſeely Doue,
For prey, two greedy Hawkes on each ſide hem:
And ſhee knowes not which way to flye from them.
Or like a ſhippe that toſſed too and fro
With winde and tyde; the winde doth ſternely blow,
And driues her to the Maine; the tyde comes ſore
And hurles her backe againe towards the ſhore.
And ſince her balaſt, and her ſailes doe lacke,
One brings her out, the other beates her backe:
Till one of them encreaſing more his ſhockes,
Hurles her to ſhore, and rends her on the Rockes:
Thus ſtood ſhe long, twixt Loue and Reaſon toſt,
Vntill Deſpaire (who where it comes rules moſt)
Wonne her to throw her ſelfe, to meete with Death,
From off the Rocke into the floud beneath.
The waues that were aboue when as ſhe fell,
For feare flew backe againe into their VVell;
Doubting enſuing times on them would frowne,
That they ſo rare a beauty help'd to drowne.
Her fall, in griefe, did make the ſtreame ſo rore,
That ſullen murmurings filled all the ſhore.
A Shepheard (neere this floud that fed his ſheepe,
VVho at this chance left grazing and did weepe)
Viewing ſo ſad an obiect to his eyes,
Left Pipe and Flocke, and in the water flyes,

To

To ſaue a Iewell, which was neuer ſent
To be poſſeſt of one ſole Element:
But ſuch a worke *Nature* diſpos'd and gaue,
Where all the *Elements* concordance haue.
He tooke her in his armes, for pittie cride,
And brought her to the Riuers further ſide;
Yea, and hee ſought by all his Art and paine,
To bring her likewiſe to her ſelfe againe;
While ſhe that by her fall was ſenſleſſe left,
And almoſt in the waues had life bereft,
Lay long, as if her ſweet immortall ſpirit
Was fled ſome other place t'inherit.
But as cleare *Phœbus*, when ſome foggy cloud
His brightneſſe from the world a while doth ſhrowde,
Doth by degrees beginne to ſhew his light
Vnto the view. Or, as the Queene of night,
In her increaſing hornes, doth rounder grow,
Till full and perfect ſhe appeare in ſhow:
Such order in this Maide this Shepheard ſpies,
When ſhee beganne to ſhew the world her eyes.
And like as if ſhe now had paſt Deaths dreame,
Occaſion'd by her fall into the ſtreame,
And that Hels Ferriman did then deliuer
Her to the other ſide th'infernall Riuer;
Said to the Swaine: O *Charon*, I am bound
More to thy kindneſſe, then all elſe, that round
Come thronging to thy Boate: thou haſt paſt ouer
The woful'ſt Maide that ere theſe ſhades did couer;
But prithee Ferriman direct my ſpright
Where that ſame Riuer runnes that *Lethe* hight,
That I of it (as other Ghoſts) may drinke,
And neuer of the world, or Loue, more thinke.
The Swaine perceiu'd by that ſhee had reported,
That ſhee was wholy from her ſelfe tranſported;
And fearing leaſt thoſe often idle fits
Might cleane expell her vncollected wits:
Faire Nymph, ſaid hee, the Powers aboue denie
So faire a beautie ſhould ſo quickely dye.
The Heauens vnto the VVorld haue made a loane,
And muſt for you haue intereſt, three for one:

Call

Call backe your thoughts o'er-caſt with dolours night,
Doe you not ſee the day, the heauens, the light?
Doe you not know in *Plutoes* darkeſome place
The light of heauen did neuer ſhew his face?
Doe not your pulſes beate, y'are warme, haue breath,
Your ſenſe is rapt with feare, but not with death?
I am not *Caron*, nor of *Plutoes* hoaſt;
Nor is there fleſh and bloud found in a Ghoſt:
But as you ſee, a ſeely ſhepheards ſwaine,
Who though my meere reuenues be the traine
Of milke-white ſheepe, yet is my ioy ſo much,
In ſauing you (oh, who would not ſaue ſuch?)
As euer was the wandring youth of *Greece*,
That brought, from *Colchos*, home, the golden *Fleece*.
The neuer-too-much-praiſed faire *Marine*,
Hearing thoſe words, beleeu'd her eares and eyne:
And knew that ſhee eſcaped had the floud
By meanes of this young Swaine that neere her ſtood.
Whereat for griefe ſhee gan againe to faint,
Redoubling her ſhrill cryes and ſad complaint:
Alas! and is that likewiſe barr'd from mee,
Which for all perſons elſe lyes euer free?
Will life, nor death, nor ought abridge my paine?
But liue ſtill dying, dye to liue againe?
Then moſt vnhappy I! which finde moſt ſure,
The ſting of conſcience is a wound paſt cure.
Moſt cruell *God of loue* (if ſuch there be)
That ſtill to my deſires art contrary!
VVhy ſhould I not in reaſon this obtaine,
That as I loue, I may be lou'd againe?
Alas! with thee too, *Nature* playes her parts,
That fram'd ſo great a diſcord 'tweene two harts:
One flyes, and alwayes doth in hate perſeuer;
The other followes, and in loue growes euer.
Why doſt thou not extinguiſh cleane this flame,
And place't on him that beſt deſerues the ſame?
VVhat ſhould I not affect this ſweeteſt youth,
The very portraiture of naked truth,
VVho ſau'd and loues, yet thou nor lou'ſt nor ſau'ſt,
And offers faith indeede, which thou ne'er gau'ſt?

For

For *Pſyches* loue! if beautie gaue thee birth,
Or if thou haſt attractiue power on earth,
Dame *Venus* ſweeteſt Childe, or breake this loue,
Or giue a meanes my ſoule may hence remoue.
Once ſeeing in a ſpring her drowned eyes,
O cruell beautie, cauſe of this, (ſhee cryes,)
Mother of *Loue*, (my ioyes moſt fatall knife)
That workſt her death, by whom thy ſelfe haſt life!
The youthfull Swaine that heard this louing Saint
So oftentimes to poure forth ſuch complaint,
Hee in his heart ſuch true affection prais'd,
And did perceiue kinde loue and pittie rais'd
His minde to ſighes; yea, beauty forced this,
That all her griefe hee thought was likewiſe his.
And hauing brought her what his lodge affords,
Sometime he wept with her, ſometime with words
Would ſeeke to comfort; when alas poore elfe
He needed then a comforter himſelfe.
Daily whole troupes of griefe vnto him came,
For her who languiſh'd of another flame.
If that ſhee ſigh'd hee thought him lou'd of her,
When t'was another faile her winde did ſtirre:
But had her ſighes and teares beene for this Boy,
Her ſorrow had beene leſſe, and more her ioy.
Long time in griefe he hid his loue-made paines,
And did attend her walkes in woods and plaines.
She that knew all his loue, did faine ſo true,
As if indeede of it ſhe nothing knew.
He baſhfull Swaine, to ſhew it did not dare;
And ſhe leaſt he ſhould ſhew it, dy'd for feare.
Shee, euer-wailing, blam'd the powers aboue,
That night nor day giue any reſt to Loue.
Hee prais'd the Heauens in ſilence, oft was mute,
And thought with teares and ſighs to winne his ſute.
Once in the ſhade, when ſhe by ſleepe repos'd,
And her cleare eyes twixt her faire lids enclos'd;
The Shepheard Swaine beganne to hate and curſe
That day vnfortunate, which was the nurſe
Of all his ſorrowes. Hee had giuen breath
And life to her, which was his cauſe of death.

O *Æſops* Snake, that thirſteſt for his bloud,
And render'ſt euill, by whom thy ſelfe haſt good.
Thus oftentimes vnto himſelfe alone,
Would he recount his griefe, vtter his mone;
And after much debating did reſolue
Rather his Grandame earth ſhould cleane inuolue:
His pining body, ere he would make knowne
To her, what Tares Loue in his breaſt had ſowne:
Yea, hee would ſay when griefe for ſpeech hath cride;
"'Tis better neuer aske then be denide.
But as the Queene of Riuers, faireſt *Thames*,
That for her buildings other flouds enflames
With greateſt enuie. Or the *Nymph* of *Kent*,
That ſtatelyeſt *Ships* to ſea hath euer ſent;
Some baſer groome, for lucres helliſh courſe,
Her channell hauing ſtopt, kept backe her ſourſe,
(Fill'd with diſdaine) doth ſwell aboue her mounds,
And ouerfloweth all the neighb'ring grounds:
Angry ſhee teares vp all that ſtops her way,
And with more violence runnes to the *Sea*.
Right ſo this ſhepheard who his griefe vp-pent,
And neuer bring't to light was his entent:
Forth of his heart more violently thruſt,
And all his vow'd intentions quickly burſt.
*Marina* hearing ſighes, to him drew neere,
And did entreate his cauſe of griefe to heare:
But had ſhe knowne her beauty was the ſting,
That cauſed all that inſtant ſorrowing;
Silence in bands her tongue had ſtronger kept,
And ſh'ad not ask'd for what the *Shepheard* wept.
The Swaine firſt, of all times, this beſt did thinke,
To ſhew his loue, whilſt on the Riuers brinke
They ſate alone, then thought, he next would moue her
With ſighes and teares, (true tokens of a Louer:)
And ſince ſhe knew what helpe from him ſhee found
When in the Riuer ſhee had elſe beene drown'd,
Hee thinketh ſure ſhe cannot but graunt this,
To giue reliefe to him, by whom ſhee is:
By this incited, ſaid; Whom I adore,
Sole Miſtreſſe of my heart, I thee implore,

Doe

Doe not in bondage hold my freedome long.
And ſince I life and death hold from thy tongue,
Suffer my heart to loue; yea, dare to hope
To get that good of loues intended ſcope.
Graunt I may praiſe that light in you I ſee
And dying to my ſelfe, may liue in thee.
Faire Nymph ſurceaſe this death alluring languiſh,
So rare a beautie was not borne for anguiſh.
Why ſhouldſt thou care for him that cares not for thee?
Yea, moſt vnworthy wight, ſeemes to abhorre thee.
And if he be as thou doſt here paint forth him,
Hee thinkes (thou) beſt of beauties are not worth him;
That all the ioyes of loue will not quite coſt
For all lou'd-freedome which by it is loſt.
Within his heart ſuch ſelfe-opinion dwels,
That his conceit in this he thinkes excels;
Accounting womens beauties ſugred baites,
That neuer catch, but fooles, with their deceits:
" Who of himſelfe, harbours ſo vaine a thought,
" Truely to loue could neuer yet be brought.
Then loue that heart, where lies no faithleſſe ſeede,
That neuer wore diſſimulations weede:
Who doth account all beauties of the Spring,
That iocund Summer-dayes are withering,
As foyles to yours. But if this cannot moue
Your minde to pittie, nor your heart to loue;
Yet ſweeteſt graunt me loue to quench that flame,
Which burnes you now. Expell his worthleſſe name,
Cleane roote him out by me, and in his place
Let him inhabit, that will runne a race
More true in loue. It may be for your reſt,
When hee ſhall ſee her who did loue him beſt,
Poſſeſſed by another, may debate
What loſſe of goodneſſe is, when 'tis too late:
" For what is in our powers, wee little deeme,
And things poſſeſt by others, beſt eſteeme.
If all this gaine you not a *Shepheards* wife,
Yet giue not death to him which gaue you life.
*Clarin* the faire hearing his woing tale,
Perceiued well what wall his thoughts did ſcale.

And anſwer'd thus: I pray ſir Swaine, what boote
Is it to mee to plucke vp by the roote
My former loue, and in his place to ſow
As ill a ſeede, for any thing I know?
Rather 'gainſt thee I mortall hate retaine,
That ſeek'ſt to plant in mee new cares; new paine:
Alas! th'haſt kept my ſoule from deaths ſweet bands,
To giue me ouer to a Tyrants hands;
Who on his racks will torture euery day,
This weakened body, guiltleſſe, harmeleſſe, aye.
Be you the Iudge, and ſee if reaſons lawes
Giue recompence of fauour for this cauſe:
You from the ſtreames of death, brought life on ſhore;
Releas'd one paine, to giue me tenne times more.
For Loues ſake, let my thoughts in this be free;
Obiect no more your hapleſſe ſauing mee:
That Obligation which you thinke ſhould binde,
Doth ſtill encreaſe more hatred in my minde;
Yea, I doe thinke, more thankes to him were due
That would expoſe my life, then vnto you.
The Thunder-ſtroken Swaine lean'd to a tree,
As void of ſenſe as weeping *Niobe*:
Making his teares, the inſtruments to wooe her,
The Sea wherein his loue ſhould ſwimme vnto her:
Yea, could there flow from his two-headed font,
As great a floud as is the *Helleſpont*,
VVithin that deepe hee would as willing wander,
To meete his *Hero*, as did ere *Leander*.
Meane while the *Nymph* with-drew her ſelfe aſide,
And to a Groue at hand her ſteps applide.
VVith that ſad ſight (O! had hee neuer ſeene,
His heart in better caſe had euer beene)
Againſt his heart, againſt the ſtreame hee went,
VVith this reſolue, and with a full intent,
When of that ſtreame he had diſcouered
The fount, the well-ſpring, or the bubling head,
Hee there would ſit, and with the VVell drop vie,
That he before his eyes would firſt runne drie:
But then he thought the * God that haunts that Lake,
The ſpoiling of his Spring, would not well take,

And

* *Dea ſanè, i. Nimpha, plerunque fontibus & fluuijs præſunt apud poetas, quæ Ephydriades & Naades dicta: verum & nobis tamen deum præficere (ſit Alpheum, Tyberinum, & Rhenum, & id genus alios diuos legimus,) haud illicitum.*

And therefore leauing of the Chriſtall flood,
Did take his way vnto the neereſt Wood:
Seating himſelfe within a darkeſome Caue,
(Such places heauy *Saturniſts* doe craue,)
VVhere yet the gladſome day was neuer ſeene,
Nor *Phœbus* piercing beames had euer beene.
Fit for the *Synode* houſe of thoſe fell Legions,
That walke the Mountaines, and *Siluanus* regions.
Where *Tragedie* might haue her full ſcope giuen,
From mens aſpects, and from the view of heauen.
VVithin the ſame ſome crannies did deliuer
Into the midſt thereof a pretty Riuer;
The *Nymph* whereof came by out of the veynes
Of our firſt mother, hauing late tane paines
In ſcouring of her channell all the way,
From where it firſt beganne to leaue the Sea;
And in her labour thus farre now had gone,
When comming through the Caue, ſhe heard that one
Spake thus: *if I doe in my death perſeuer,*
*Pittie may that effect, which Loue could neuer.*
By this ſhee can coniecture 'twas ſome Swaine,
VVho ouerladen by ſome Maides diſdaine,
Had here (as fitteſt) choſen out a place,
Where he might make the period of the race
Of his loath'd life: which ſhe (for pitties ſake)
Minding to hinder, diu'd into her Lake,
And haſtned where the euer-teeming Earth
Vnto her Current giues a wiſhed birth;
And by her new-deliuered Riuers ſide,
Vpon a Banke of flow'rs, had ſoone eſpide
*Remond*, young *Remond*, that full well could ſing,
And tune his Pipe at *Pans*-birth carolling:
VVho for his nimble leaping, ſweeteſt layes,
A Lawrell garland wore on Holi-dayes;
In framing of whoſe hand Dame *Nature* ſwore
There neuer was his like, nor ſhould be more:
Whoſe locks (inſnaring nets) were like the rayes,
VVherewith the Sunne doth diaper the Seas:
Which if they had beene cut, and hung vpon
The ſnow-white Cliffes of fertile *Albion*,

VVould

Would haue allured more, to be, their winner,
Then all the * Diamonds that are hidden in her.
Him ſhee accoſted thus: Swaine of the *Wreathe*,
Thou art not placed, onely here to breathe;
But *Nature* in thy framing ſhewes to mee,
Thou ſhouldſt to others, as ſhe did to thee,
Doe good: and ſurely I my ſelfe perſwade,
Thou neuer wert for euill action made.
In heauens Conſiſtory t'was decreed,
That choiſeſt fruit ſhould come from choiſeſt ſeede;
In baſer veſſels wee doe euer put
Baſeſt materials, doe neuer ſhut
Thoſe Iewels moſt in eſtimation ſet,
But in ſome curious coſtly *Cabinet*.
If I may iudge by thy outward ſhape alone,
VVithin all vertues haue conuention:
" For't giues moſt luſtre vnto Vertues feature,
" When ſhee appeares cloth'd in a goodly creature.
Halfe way the hill, neere to thoſe aged trees,
Whoſe inſides are as Hiues for lab'ring Bees,
(As who ſhould ſay (before their rootes were dead)
For good workes ſake and almes, they harboured
Thoſe whom nought elſe did couer but the Skies:)
A path (vntroden but of Beaſts) there lyes,
Directing to a Caue in yonder glade,
VVhere all this Forreſts Citizens, for ſhade,
At noone-time come, and are the firſt I thinke,
That (running through that Caue) my waters drinke:
VVithin this Rocke their ſits a woefull wight,
As voide of comfort as that Caue of light.
And as I wot occaſion'd by the frownes
Of ſome coy *Shepheardeſſe* that haunts theſe Downes.
This I doe know (whoſeuer wrought his care)
Hee's wholy giuen ouer to deſpaire.
Then hie thee thither, ſince 'tis charitie
To ſaue a mans leaue here thy flocke with me,
For whilſt thou ſau'ſt him from the *Stygian* Bay,
Ile keepe thy Lambkins from all Beaſts of prey.
The neerneſſe of the danger (in his thought)
As it doth euer, more compaſſion wrought:

So

* Iulium Cæſarem, *ſpe Margaritarum, Britanniam petiſſe, ſcribit* Sueton. *in* Iul. *cap.* 47. *& ex ijs Thoracem factum* Veneri *genetrici dicâſſe.* Plin. *Hiſt. Nat.* 9. *cap.* 35. *De Margaritis verò noſtris conſulas,* Camden. *in Cornub. & Somerſet.*

So that with reuerence to the Nymph, he went
With winged ſpeede, and haſt'ned to preuent
Th'vntimely ſeiſure of the greedy graue:
Breathleſſe, at laſt, hee came into the Caue;
VVhere, by a ſigh directed to the man,
To comfort him hee in this ſort beganne.
Shepheard all haile: what meane theſe plaints? this Caue
(Th'image of death, true portraite of the graue,)
VVhy doſt frequent? and waile thee vnder ground,
From whence there neuer yet was pittie found?
Come forth, and ſhew thy ſelfe vnto the light,
Thy griefe to mee. If there be ought that might
Giue any eaſe vnto thy troubled minde,
Wee ioy as much to giue as thou to finde.
The Loue-ſicke Swaine replide: A heauenly face,
*Natures Idea*, and perfections grace,
VVithin my breaſt hath kindled ſuch a fire
That doth conſume all things, except deſire;
VVhich daily doth encreaſe, though alwayes burning,
And I want teares, but lacke no cauſe of mourning:
" For hee whom Loue vnder his colours drawes,
" May often want th'effect but ne'er the cauſe.
Quoth th'other, haue thy Starres maligne beene ſuch,
That their predominations ſway ſo much
Ouer the reſt, that with a milde aſpect
The liues and loues of Shepheards doe affect?
Then doe I thinke there is ſome greater hand,
Which thy endeuours ſtill doth countermand:
VVherefore I wiſh thee quench the flame, thus mou'd,
" And neuer loue except thou be belou'd:
" For ſuch an humour euery woman ſeiſeth,
" Shee loues not him that plaineth, but that pleaſeth.
" When much thou loueſt, moſt diſdaine comes on thee;
" And when thou think'ſt to hold her, ſhe flyes from thee:
" Shee follow'd, flyes; ſhe fled from, followes poſt,
" And loueth beſt where ſhee is hated moſt.
" 'Tis euer noted both in Maides and Wiues,
" Their hearts and tongues are neuer Relatiues.
" Hearts full of holes, (ſo elder Shepheards ſaine)
" As apter to receiue then to retaine.

VVhoſe

Whoſe crafts and wiles did I entend to ſhow,
This day would not permit me time, I know,
The dayes ſwift horſes would their courſe haue runne,
And diu'd themſelues within the *Ocean*,
Ere I ſhould haue performed halfe my taske,
Striuing their craftie ſubtilties t'vnmaske.
And gentle Swaine ſome counſell take of me;
Loue not ſtill where thou maiſt; loue, who loues thee;
Draw to the courteous, flye thy loues abhorrer,
" And if ſhe be not for thee, be not for her.
If that ſhe ſtill be wauering, will away,
VVhy ſhouldſt thou ſtriue to hold what will not ſtay?
This Maxime Reaſon neuer can confute,
" Better to liue by loſſe then dye by ſute.
If to ſome other Loue ſhee is inclinde,
Time will at length cleane roote that from her minde.
Time will extinct Loues flames, his hell-like fliſhes,
And like a burning brand conſum't to aſhes.
Yet maiſt thou ſtill attend, but not importune:
" Who ſeekes oft miſſeth, ſleepers light on fortune,
Yea, and on women too. " Thus doltiſh ſots
" Haue Fate and faireſt women for their lots.
" Fauour and pittie waite on Patience:
And hatred oft attendeth violence.
If thou wilt get deſire, whence Loue hath pawnd it,
Beleeue me, take thy time, but ne'er demaund it.
VVomen, as well as men, retaine deſire;
But can diſſemble, more then men, their fire.
Be neuer caught with lookes, nor ſelfe-wrought rumour;
Nor by a quaint diſguiſe, nor ſinging humour.
Thoſe out-ſide ſhewes are toyes, which outwards ſnare:
But vertue lodg'd within, is onely faire.
If thou haſt ſeene the beauty of our Nation,
And find'ſt her haue no loue, haue thou no paſſion:
But ſeeke thou further; other places ſure
May yeeld a face as faire, a Loue more pure.
Leaue (ô, then leaue) fond Swaine, this idle courſe,
For Loue's a God, no mortall wight can force.
Thus *Remond* ſaid, and ſaw the faire *Marine*
Plac'd neere a Spring, whoſe waters Chriſtaline

Did

Did in their murmurings beare a part, and plained
That one ſo true, ſo faire ſhould be diſdained:
Whilſt in her cryes that fild the vale along,
Still *Celand* was the burthen of her ſong.
The ſtranger ſhepheard left the other Swaine,
To giue attendance to his fleecy traine;
Who in departing from him, let him know,
That yonder was his freedomes ouer-throw,
Who ſate bewailing (as hee late had done)
That loue by true affection was not wonne.
This fully knowne: *Remond* the *Nymph* approching,
Beganne his ſalue with hated-loues reproching:
Blamed her rigor; yea, and call'd her cruell,
To follow hate, and flye loues chiefeſt Iewell.
Faire: doe not blame him that hee thus is moued;
For women ſure were made to be beloued.
If beautie wanting louers long ſhould ſtay,
It like an houſe vndwelt in would decay:
And beautie in the heart once taking place,
Time cannot blot, nor crooked age deface.
Th'Adamant and Beautie wee diſcouer
To be alike; for beauty drawes a Louer,
The Adamant his Iron. Doe not blame
His louing then, but that which caus'd the fame.
Who ſo is lou'd, doth glory ſo to be:
The more your Louers, more your victorie.
Know, if you ſtand on faith, moſt womens loathing,
'Tis but a word, a character of nothing.
Admit it ſomewhat, if what wee call conſtance,
Within a heart hath long time reſidence,
And in a woman, ſhe becomes alone
Faire to her ſelfe, but foule to euery one.
If in a man it once haue taken place,
Hee is a foole, or doates, or wants a face
To winne a woman, and I thinke it be
No vertue, but a meere neceſſitie.
Heauens powers deny it Swaine (quoth ſhe) haue done,
Striue not to bring that in diriſion,
Which whoſoe'er detracts in ſetting forth,
Doth truely derogate from his owne worth.

It is a thing which heauen to all hath lent
To be their vertues chiefeſt ornament:
Which who ſo wants, is well compar'd to theſe
Falſe Tables, wrought by *Alcibiades*;
Which noted well of all, were found t'haue bin
Moſt faire without, although moſt foule within.
Then Shepheard know that I entend to be
As true to one, as he is falſe to mee.
To one? (quoth hee) why ſo? Maides pleaſure take
To ſee a thouſand languiſh for their ſake:
Women deſire for Louers of each ſort,
And why not you? Th'amorous Swaine for ſport,
The Lad that driues the greateſt flocke to field,
Will Buskins, Gloues, and other fancies yeeld;
The gallant Swaine will ſaue you from the iawes
Of rauenous Beares, and from the Lyons pawes.
Beleeue what I propound; doe many chuſe,
"The leaſt hearbe in the field ſerues for ſome vſe.
Nothing perſwaded, nor aſſwag'd by this,
Was faireſt *Marine*, or her heauineſſe.
But prai'd the ſhepheard as he ere did hope
His ſilly ſheepe ſhould feareleſſe haue the ſcope
Of all the ſhadowes that the trees doe lend,
From *Raynards* ſtealth, when *Titan* doth aſcend,
And runnes his mid-way courſe: to leaue her there,
And to his bleating charge againe repaire.
He condeſcended; left her by the broke,
And to the Swaine and's ſheepe himſelfe betooke.
Hee gone: ſhee with her ſelfe thus gan to ſaien;
Alas poore *Marine*, think'ſt thou to attaine
His loue by ſitting here? or can the fire
Be quencht with wood? can wee allay deſire
By wanting what's deſired? O that breath,
The cauſe of life, ſhould be the cauſe of death!
For who is ſhipwrackt on loues hidden ſhelfe,
Doth liue to others, dyes vnto her ſelfe.
Why might I not attempt by death as yet
To gaine that freedome, which I could not get,
Being hindred heretofore, a time as free:
A place as fit offers it ſelfe to me,

VVhoſe

Whoſe ſeede of ill is growne to ſuch an height,
That makes the earth groane to ſupport his waight.
VVho ſo is lull'd aſleepe with *Mida's* treaſures,
And onely feares by death to loſe lifes pleaſures;
Let them feare death: but ſince my fault is ſuch,
And onely fault, that I haue lou'd too much.
On ioyes of life why ſhould I ſtand; for thoſe
Which I neere had, I ſurely cannot loſe,
Admit a while I to theſe thoughts conſented,
" Death can be but deferred, not preuented.
Then raging with delay, her teares that fell
Viher'd her way, and ſhee into the VVell
Straight-wayes leapt after: " O! how deſperation
" Attends vpon the minde enthral'd to paſſion!
The fall of her did make the God below,
Starting, to wonder whence that noyſe ſhould grow:
VVhether ſome ruder Clowne in ſpite did fling
A Lambe, vntimely ſalne, into his Spring:
And if it were, he ſolemnely then ſwore
His Spring ſhould flow ſome other way: no more
Should it in wanton manner ere be ſeene
To writhe in knots, nor giue a gowne of greene
Vnto their Meadowes, nor be ſeene to play,
Nor driue the Ruſhy-mils, that in his way
The Shepheards made: but rather for their lot,
Send them red waters that their ſheepe ſhould rot.
And with ſuch Mooriſh Springs embrace their field,
That it ſhould nought but Moſſe and Ruſhes yeeld.
Vpon each hillocke, where the merry boy
Sits piping in the ſhades his Noates of ioy,
Hee'd ſhew his anger, by ſome floud at hand,
And turne the ſame into a running ſand.
Yea, on the *Oake*, the *Plumbe-tree* and the *Holme*,
The *Stock-doue* and the *Blackbird* ſhould not come,
Whoſe muting on thoſe trees doe make to grow
Rots curing * *Hyphear*, and the *Miſſeltoe*.
Nor ſhall this helpe their Sheepe, whoſe ſtomackes failes,
By tying knots of wooll neere to their tailes:
But as the place next to the knot doth dye,
So ſhall it all the body mortifie.

*Hyphear ad ſaginanda Pecora vtilius: omnino autem ſatũ nullo modo naſcitur, nec niſi per aluũ animum redditum maximè Palumbis & Turdi. Plin. Hiſt. Nat. 16. cap. 44. Hinc illud vetus verbum, Turdus ſibi malum cacat.

Thus ſpake the God: but when as in his water
The corps came ſinking downe, he ſpide the matter,
And catching ſoftly in his armes the Maide,
He brought her vp, and hauing gently laid
Her on his banke, did preſently command
Thoſe waters in her, to come forth: at hand
They ſtraight came guſhing out, and did conteſt
Which chiefely ſhould obey their Gods beheſt.
This done, her then pale lips he ſtraight held ope,
And from his ſiluer haire let fall a drop
Into her mouth, of ſuch an excellence,
That call'd backe life, which grieu'd to part from thence,
Being for troth aſſur'd, that, then this one,
Shee ne'er poſſeſt a fairer manſion.
Then did the God her body forwards ſteepe,
And caſt her for a while into a ſleepe;
Sitting ſtill by her did his full view take
Of Natures Maſter-piece. Here for her ſake,
My Pipe in ſilence as of right ſhall mourne,
Till from the watring we againe returne.

*The*

## The ſecond Song.

THE ARGVMENT.

Obliuions *Spring*, *and* Dory's *loue*,
*With faire* Marina's *rape*, *firſt moue*
*Mine Oaten Pipe*, *and after ſings*
*The birth of two renowned Springs.*

NOW till the Sunne ſhall leaue vs to our reſt,
And *Cinthia* haue her Brothers place poſſeſt.
I ſhall goe on: and firſt in diffring ſtripe,
The floud Gods ſpeech thus tune on Oaten Pipe.

Or mortall, or a power aboue,
Inrag'd by Fury, or by Loue,
Or both, I know not; ſuch a deede
Thou would'ſt effected, that I bleede
To thinke thereon: alas poore elfe,
What growne a traitour to thy ſelfe?
This face, this haire, this hand ſo pure
Were not ordain'd for nothing ſure.
Nor was it meant ſo ſweet a breath
Should be expos'd by ſuch a death;
But rather in ſome louers breſt
Be giuen vp, the place that beſt

Beſits

Befits a louer yeeld his ſoule.
Nor ſhould thoſe mortals ere controule
The Gods, that in their wiſedome ſage,
Appointed haue what Pilgrimage
Each one ſhould runne: and why ſhould men
Abridge the iourney ſet by them?
But much I wonder any wight
If he did turne his outward ſight
Into his inward, dare to act
Her death, whoſe body is compact
With all the beauties euer Nature
Laid vp in ſtore for earthly creature.
No ſauage Beaſt can be ſo cruell
To rob the earth of ſuch a Iewell.
Rather the ſtately Vnicorne
VVould in his breſt enraged ſcorne,
That Maides committed to his charge
Should by ſome furious beaſt, in rage,
Be ſo ill dealt with. *Satyres* rude
Durſt not attempt, or ere intrude
VVith ſuch a minde the flowry balkes
VVhere harmeleſſe virgines haue their walkes.
Would ſhee be wonne with me to ſtay,
My waters ſhould bring from the Sea,
The Corrall red, as tribute due,
And roundeſt pearles of orient hue.
Through other veynes within the ground
Should ſeeke for her the Diamond.
And whereas now vnto my Spring
They nothing elſe but grauell bring,
They ſhould within a Myne of Gold
In piercing manner long time hold,
And hauing it to duſt well wrought,
By them it hither ſhould be brought;
With which Ile paue and ouer-ſpread
My bottome, where her foote ſhall tread.
The beſt of Fiſhes in my floud
Shall giue themſelues to be her food.
The *Trout*, the *Dace*, the *Pike*, the *Breame*,
The *Eele*, that loues the troubled ſtreame,

The

The *Millers-thomb*, the hiding *Loach*,
The *Perch*, the euer-nibbling *Roach*,
The *Shoates* with whom is *Tanie* fraught
The fooliſh *Gudgeon* quickly caught.
And laſt the little *Minnow*-fiſh,
Whoſe chiefe delight in grauell is.
In right ſhee cannot me deſpiſe
Becauſe ſo low mine Empire lyes.
For I could tell how Natures ſtore
Of Maieſtie appeareth more
In waters, then in all the reſt
Of Elements. It ſeem'd her beſt
To giue the waues moſt ſtrength and power:
For they doe ſwallow and deuoure *Plinie.*
The earth; the waters quench and kill
The flames of fire: and mounting ſtill
Vp in the aire, are ſeene to be,
As challenging a ſeignorie
Within the Heauens, and to be one
That ſhould haue like dominion.
They be a ſeeling and a floore
Of clouds, caus'd by the vapours ſtore
Ariſing from them, vitall ſpirit
By which all things their life inherit
From them is ſtopped, kept aſunder.
And what's the reaſon elſe of Thunder,
Of lightnings flaſhes all about,
That with ſuch violence breake out,
Cauſing ſuch troubles and ſuch iarres,
As with it ſelfe the world had warres?
And can there any thing appeare
More wonderfull, then in the ayre
Congealed waters oft to ſpie
Continuing pendant in the Skie?
Till falling downe in haile or ſnow,
They make thoſe mortall wights below
To runne and euer helpe deſire
From his foe-Element the fire,
Which fearing then to come abroad
Within doores maketh his aboad.

Or

Or falling downe oft time in raine,
Doth giue greene liueries to the plaine,
Makes Shepheards Lambs fit for the diſh,
And giueth nutriment to fiſh.
Which nouriſheth all things of worth
The earth produceth and brings forth;
And therefore well conſidering
The nature of it in each thing:
Namely, that when the earth doth grow
So hard, that none can plow nor ſow
The ſame, it ſo doth mollifie,
That it not onely comes to be
More eaſie for the ſhare and Oxe,
But that in Harueſt time the ſhockes
Of *Ceres* hanging eared corne
Doth fill the Houell and the Barne.
To Trees and Plants I comfort giue
By me they fructifie and liue:
For firſt aſcending from beneath
Into the Skie, with liuely breath,
I thence am furniſh'd, and beſtow
The ſame on hearbs, that are below.
So that by this each one may ſee
I cauſe them ſpring and multiply.
Who ſeeth this? can doe no leſſe
Then of his owne accord confeſſe,
That notwithſtanding all the ſtrength
The earth enioyes in breadth and length,
She is beholding to each ſtreame,
And hath receiued all from them.
Her loue to him ſhee then muſt giue
By whom her ſelfe doth chiefely liue.
This being ſpoken by this waters God,
He ſtraight-way in his hand did take his rod,
And ſtroke it on his banke, wherewith the floud
Did ſuch a roaring make within the wood
That ſtraight the *Nymph who then ſate on her ſhore,
Knew there was ſome-what to be done in ſtore,
And therefore haſting to her Brothers Spring
Shee ſpide what caus'd the waters ecchoing.

*The watry Nymph that ſpoke to *Remond*.

Saw

Saw where faire *Marine* faſt aſleepe did lie,
VVhilſt that the God ſtill viewing her ſate by:
VVho when he ſaw his Siſter Nymph draw neare,
He thus gan tune his voyce vnto her eare.
Siſter mine (for we doe come
Both from the ſwelling *Thetis* wombe)
The reaſon why of late I ſtrooke
My ruling wand vpon my Brooke
VVas for this purpoſe; Late this Maide
VVhich on my bancke aſleepe is laid,
VVas by her ſelfe, or other wight,
Caſt in my Spring, and did affright
VVith her late fall, the fiſh that take
Their chiefeſt pleaſure in my Lake:
Of all the fry within my deepe
None durſt out of their dwellings peepe.
The *Trout* within the weedes did ſcud,
The *Eele* him hid within the mud.
Yea, from this feare I was not free,
For as I muſing ſate to ſee
How that the pretty Pibbles round
Came with my Spring from vnder ground,
And how the waters iſſuing
Did make them dance about my Spring;
The noiſe thereof did me appall:
That ſtarting vpward therewithall,
I in my armes her body caught,
And both to light and life her brought:
Then caſt her in a ſleepe you ſee.
But Brother to the cauſe (quoth ſhee)
Why by your raging waters wilde
Am I here called? *Thetis* childe,
Replide the God, for thee I ſent,
That when her time of ſleepe is ſpent,
I may commit her to thy charge,
Since women beſt know womens rage.
Meane while, faire Nymph, accompany
My Spring with thy ſweet harmonie;
And we will make her ſoule to take
Some pleaſure, which is ſaid to wake,

Although the body hath his reſt.
She gaue conſent: and each of them addreſt
Vnto their part. The watry *Nymph* did ſing
In manner of a prettie queſtioning:
The God made anſwere to what ſhe propounded,
VVhilſt from the Spring a pleaſant Muſicke ſounded,
(Making each ſhrubbe in ſilence to adore them)
Taking their ſubiect from what lay before them.

Nymph.

*WHat's that, compact of earth, infus'd with ayre;*
*A certaine, made full with incertainties;*
*Sway'd by the motion of each ſeuerall Spheare;*
*Who's fed with nought but infelicities;*
*Indures nor heate nor cold; is like the Swan,*
*That this houre ſings, next dyes?*

God. *It is a Man.*

Nym. *What's he, borne to be ſicke, ſo alwayes dying;*
*That's guided by ineuitable Fate;*
*That comes in weeping, and that goes out crying;*
*Whoſe Kalender of woes is ſtill in date;*
*Whoſe life's a bubble, and in length a ſpan;*
*A Conſort ſtill in diſcords?*

God. *Tis a man.*

Nym. *What's he, whoſe thoughts are ſtill quell'd in th'euent,*
*Though ne'er ſo lawfull, by an oppoſite;*
*Hath all things fleeting; nothing permanent;*
*And at his eares weares ſtill a Pariſite;*
*Hath friends in wealth, or wealthy friends, who can*
*In want proue meere illuſions?*

God. *Tis a Man.*

Nym. *What's he, that what he is not, ſtriues to ſeeme;*
*That doth ſupport an* Atlas-*waight of care;*
*That of an outward good doth beſt eſteeme;*
*And looketh not within how ſoild they are;*
*That doth not vertuous, but the richeſt ſcan;*
*Learning and worth by wealth?*

God. *It is a Man.*

Nym.

Nym. *VVhat's that possessor, which of good makes bad;*
*And what is worst makes choise still for the best;*
*That grieueth most to thinke of what he had;*
*And of his chiefest losse accounteth least;*
*That doth not what he ought, but what he can;*
*VVhose fancie's euer boundlesse?*
God. *Tis a Man.*

Nym. *But what is it, wherein Dame* Nature *wrought*
*The best of workes, the onely forme of Heauen;*
*And hauing long to finde a present sought,*
*VVherein the worlds whole beautie might be giuen;*
*Shee did resolue in it all Arts to summon,*
*To ioyne with natures framing?*
God. *Tis this woman.*

The first Woman is fained to be named *Pandora*, i. a creature framed of the concurrence of the gifts & ornaments of all the Gods. As *Hesiod.* ὅτι πάντης ὀλυμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες Δῶρον ἐδόρησαν.

Nym. *If beautie be a thing to be admired;*
*And if admiring draw to it affection;*
*And what wee doe affect, is most desired;*
*VVhat wight is he to loue denies subiection?*
*And can his thoughts within himselfe confine?*

*Marine* that waking lay, said; *Calandine.*
Hee is the man that hates, which some admire;
He is the wight that loathes whom most desire:
'Tis onely hee to loue denies subiecting,
And but himselfe, thinkes none is worth affecting.
Vnhappy me the while; accurst my Fate,
That Nature giues no loue where she gaue hate.
The watry Rulers then perceiued plaine,
Nipt with the Winter of loues frost, disdaine;
This *Non-par-el* of beautie had beene led
To doe an act which Enuy pittied:
Therefore in pittie did conferre together,
What Physicke best might cure this burning Feuer.
At last found out, that in a Groue below,
Where shadowing *Sicamours* past number grow,
A fountaine takes his iourney to the Maine,
VVhose liquours nature was so soueraigne,
Like to the wondrous Well and famous Spring,

Which in * *Boetia* hath his iſſuing,
That who ſo of it doth but onely taſte,
All former memory from him doth waſte.
Not changing any other worke of Nature,
But doth endowe the drinker with a feature
More faire and louely. *Medea* tooke from hence
Some of this water; by whoſe quinteſſence,
*Æſon* from age came backe to youth. This knowne,
The God thus ſpake:

Nymph, be thine owne,
And after mine. This Goddeſſe here
(For ſhee's no leſſe) will bring thee where
Thou ſhalt acknowledge Springs haue done
As much for thee as any one.
Which ended, and thou gotten free,
If thou wilt come and liue with mee,
No Shepheards daughter, nor his wife,
Shall boaſt them of a better life.
Meane while I leaue thy thoughts at large
Thy body to my Siſters charge;
Whilſt I into my Spring doe diue,
To ſee that they doe not depriue
The Meadowes neare, which much doe thirſt,
Thus heated by the *Sunne*. May firſt
(Quoth *Marine*) Swaines giue Lambs to thee;
And may thy floud haue ſeignorie
Of all flouds elſe; and to thy fame
Meete greater Springs, yet keepe thy name.
May neuer *Euet*, nor the *Toade*,
Within thy Bankes make their abode.
Taking thy iourney from the Sea,
Maiſt thou ne'er happen in thy way
On Niter or on Brimſtone Myne,
To ſpoile thy taſte: this Spring of thine
Let it of nothing taſte but earth,
And ſalt conceiued, in their birth
Be euer freſh. Let no man dare
To ſpoile thy Fiſh, make locke or ware,
But on thy Margent ſtill let dwell
Thoſe flowres which haue the ſweeteſt ſmell.

And

*Plinie* writes of two Springs riſing in *Boetia*, the firſt helping memory, called μνήμη: The latter cauſing oblition, called λήθη.

And let the duſt vpon thy ſtrand
Become like *Tagus* golden ſand.
Let as much good betide to thee,
As thou haſt fauour ſhew'd to mee.
Thus ſaid; in gentle paces they remoue,
And haſtned onward to the ſhady Groue:
Where both arriu'd; and hauing found the Rocke,
Saw how this precious water it did locke.
As hee whom Auarice poſſeſſeth moſt,
Drawne by neceſſitie vnto his coſt,
Doth drop by piece-meale downe his priſon'd gold,
And ſeemes vnwilling to let goe his hold.
Right ſo the Rocke the water long time ſtops
And by degrees lets it fall downe in drops.
Like hoording huſwiues that doe mold their food,
And keepe from others, what doth them no good.
The drops within a Ceſterne fell of ſtone
VVhich fram'd by *Nature*, *Art* had neuer one
Halfe part ſo curious. Many ſpels then vſing,
The waters Nymph twixt *Marines* lips infuſing
Part of this water, ſhe might ſtraight perceiue
How ſoone her troubling thoughts began to leaue
Her Loue-ſwolne-breaſt; and that her inward flame
Was cleane aſſwaged, and the very name
Of *Celandine* forgotten; did ſcarce know
If there were ſuch a thing as Loue or no.
And ſighing, therewithall threw in the Ayre
All former loue, all ſorrow, all deſpaire;
And all the former cauſes of her mone
Did therewith bury in obliuion.
Then muſtring vp her thoughts, growne vagabonds
Preſt to relieue her inward bleeding wounds,
She had as quickly all things paſt forgotten,
As men doe Monarchs that in earth lie rotten.
As one new borne ſhee ſeem'd, ſo all diſcerning:
"Though things long learned are the longſt vnlearning.
Then walk'd they to a Groue but neare at hand,
VVhere fiery *Titan* had but ſmall command,
Becauſe the leaues conſpiring kept his beames,
For feare of hurting (when hee's in extreames)

The

The vnder flowers, which did enrich the ground
VVith ſweeter ſents then in *Arabia* found.
The Earth doth yeeld (which they through pores exhale)
Earths beſt of odours, th'Aromaticall:
Like to that ſmell, which oft our ſenſe deſcries
VVithin a field which long vnplowed lies,
Some-what before the ſetting of the Sunne;
And where the Raine-bow in the *Horizon*
Doth pitch her tips: or as when in the Prime,
The Earth being troubled with a drought long time,
The hand of Heauen his ſpungy Clouds doth ſtraine,
And throwes into her lappe a ſhowre of raine;
She ſendeth vp (conceiued from the Sunne)
A ſweet perfume and exhalation.
Not all the Oyntments brought from *Delos* Ile;
Nor from the confines of ſeauen-headed *Nyle*;
Nor that brought whence *Phænecians* haue abodes;
Nor *Cyprus* wilde Vine-flowers; nor that of *Rhodes*;
Nor Roſes-oyle from *Naples*, *Capua*,
Saffron confected in *Cilicia*;
Nor that of *Quinces*, nor of *Marioram*,
That euer from the Ile of *Cöos* came.
Nor theſe, nor any elſe, though ne'er ſo rare,
Could with this place for ſweeteſt ſmels compare.
There ſtood the *Elme*, whoſe ſhade ſo milde and thin
Doth nouriſh all that groweth vnder him.
*Cipreſſe* that like *Piramides* runne topping,
And hurt the leaſt of any by their dropping.
The *Alder*, whoſe fat ſhadow nouriſheth,
Each Plant ſet neere to him long flowriſheth.
The heauie-headed *Plane*-tree, by whoſe ſhade
The graſſe growes thickeſt, men are freſher made.
The *Oake*, that beſt endures the Thunder ſhocks:
The euerlaſting *Ebene*, *Cedar*, *Boxe*.
The *Oline* that in VVainſcot neuer cleaues.
The amorous *Vine* which in the *Elme* ſtill weaues.
The *Lotus*, *Iuniper*, where wormes ne'er enter:
The *Pyne*, with whom men through the *Ocean* venter.
The warlike *Yewgh*, by which (more then the Lance)
The ſtrong-arm'd Engliſh ſpirits conquer'd *France*.

Amongſt

Amongſt the reſt the *Tamariske* there ſtood,
For Huſwiues beſomes onely knowne moſt good.
The cold-place-louing *Birch*, and *Seruis* tree:
The *VValnut* louing vales, and *Mulbury*.
The *Maple*, *Aſhe*; that doe delight in Fountaines,
That haue their currents by the ſides of Mountaines.
The *Laurell*, *Mirtle*, *Iuy*, *Date*, which hold
Their leaues all Winter, be it ne'er ſo cold.
The *Firre*, that oftentimes doth Roſin drop:
The *Beech* that ſcales the VVelkin with his top:
All theſe, and thouſands more within this Groue,
By all the induſtry of Nature ſtroue
To frame an Harbour that might keepe within it
The beſt of beauties that the world hath in it.
Here entring, at the entrance of which ſhroud,
The *Sunne* halfe angry hid him in a cloud,
As angry that a Groue ſhould from his ſight,
Locke vp a beautie whence himſelfe had light.
The flowers pull'd in their heads as being ſham'd
Their beauties by the others were defam'd.
Neare to this VVood there lay a pleaſant Meade,
VVhere Faieries often did their meaſures treade:
VVhich in the Meadow made ſuch circles greene,
As if with Garlands it had crowned beene,
Or like the Circle where the Signes we tracke,
And learned Shepheards call't the *Zodiacke*:
Within one of theſe rounds was to be ſeene
A Hillocke riſe, where oft the *Fairy-Queene*,
At twi-light ſate, and did command her Elues,
To pinch thoſe Maides that had not ſwept their ſhelues:
And further if by Maidens ouer-ſight,
Within doores water were not brought at night:
And if they ſpread no Table, ſet no Bread,
They ſhould haue nips from toe vnto the head:
And for the Maide that had perform'd each thing,
She in the Water-payle bad leaue a Ring.
Vpon this Hill there ſate a louely *Swaine*,
As if that Nature thought it great diſdaine
That hee ſhould (ſo through her his *Genius* told him)
Take equall place with *Swaines*, ſince ſhe did hold him

Her

Her chiefeſt worke, and therefore thought it fit,
That with inferiours hee ſhould neuer ſit.
*Narciſſus* change, ſure *Ouid* cleane miſtooke,
He dy'd not looking in a Chriſtall brooke,
But (as thoſe which in emulation gaze)
He pinde to death by looking on this face.
VVhen he ſtood fiſhing by ſome Riuers brim,
The fiſh would leape more for a ſight of him
Then for the flye. The Eagle higheſt bred,
VVas taking him once vp for *Ganimed*.
The ſhag-haird *Satyres*, and the tripping *Fawnes*,
VVith all the troope that frolicke on the Lawnes,
VVould come and gaze on him, as who ſhould ſay
They had not ſeene his like this many a day.
Yea *Venus* knew no difference twixt theſe twaine,
Saue *Adon* was a Hunter, this a Swaine.
The woods ſweet Quiriſters from ſpray to ſpray
VVould hop them neereſt him, and then there ſtay:
Each ioying greatly from his little hart,
That they with his ſweet Reede might beare a part.
This was the Boy, (the Poets did miſtake)
To whom bright *Cynthia* ſo much for loue did make;
And promis'd for his loue no ſcornefull eyes
Should euer ſee her more in horned guize:
But ſhee at his command would as of dutie
Become as full of light as he of beautie.
*Lucina* at his birth for Mid-wife ſtucke:
And *Citherea* nurc'd and gaue him ſucke,
VVho to that end, once Doue-drawne from the Sea,
Her full Paps dropt, whence came the *Milkie-way*.
And as when *Plato* did i'th'Cradle thriue,
Bees to his lips brought honey from their Hiue:
So to this Boy they came, I know not whether
They brought, or from his lips did honey gather.
The VVood-Nymphs oftentimes would buſied be,
And plucke for him the bluſhing Strawbery:
Making of them a bracelet on a bent,
VVhich for a fauour to this Swaine they ſent.
Sitting in ſhades, the *Sunne* would oft by skips,
Steale through the boughes, and ſeize vpon his lips.

The

The chiefeſt cauſe the *Sunne* did condiſcend
To *Phaetons* requeſt, was to this end,
That whilſt the other did his Horſes reyne,
He might ſlide from his *Spheare*, and court this Swaine;
Whoſe ſparkling eyes vi'd luſtre with the Starres,
The trueſt Center of all Circulers.
In briefe, if any man in skill were able
To finiſh vp *Apelles* halfe-done Table,
This Boy (the man left out) were fitteſt ſure
To be the patterne of that portraiture.
Piping he ſate, as merry as his looke,
And by him lay his bottle and his hooke.
His buskins (edg'd with ſiluer) were of ſilke,
Which held a legge more white then mornings milke.
Thoſe buskins hee had got and brought away
For dancing beſt vpon the Reuell day.
His Oaten Reede did yeeld forth ſuch ſweet Noates,
Ioyned in conſort with the Birds ſhrill throates:
That equaliz'd the Harmony of *Spheares*,
A Muſicke that would rauiſh choiſeſt eares.
Long look'd they on (who would not long looke on,
That ſuch an obiect had to looke vpon?)
Till at the laſt the Nymph did *Marine* ſend,
To aske the neereſt way, that they might wend
Vnto thoſe ſheepe-walkes, ground of *Marines* ill,
Whilſt ſhe would ſtay: *Marine* obey'd her will,
And haſtned towards him (who would not doe ſo,
That ſuch a pretty iourney had to goe?)
Sweetly ſhee came and with a modeſt bluſh,
Gaue him the day, and then accoſted thus.
Faireſt of men, that (whilſt thy flocke doth feed)
Doſt here ſit piping on thine Oaten-Reede
Vpon this *Little berry* (ſome ycleepe
A Hillocke) voide of care, as are thy ſheepe
Deuoide of ſpots, and ſure on all this greene
A fairer flocke as yet was neuer ſeene:
Doe me this fauour (men ſhould fauour Maides)
That whatſoeuer path directly leades,
And voide of danger, thou to mee doe ſhow,
That by it to the Mariſh I might goe.

Marriage! (quoth hee) miſtaking what ſhe ſaid,
*Natures* perfection: thou moſt faireſt Maid,
(If any fairer then the faireſt may be)
Come ſit thee downe by me; know louely Ladie,
*Loue* is the readieſt way: if tane aright
You may attaine thereto full long ere night.
The Maiden thinking he of Mariſh ſpoke,
And not of Marriage, ſtraight-way did inuoke,
And praid the Shepheards God might alwayes keepe
Him from all danger, and from Wolues his ſheepe.
Yea, ſhee did wiſh, that euer in the Spring
Each ſheepe he had, two Lambes might yearely bring.
But yet (quoth ſhee) arede good gentle Swaine,
If in the Dale below, or on yond Plaine;
Or is the village ſcituate in a Groue,
Through which my way lyes, and ycleeped loue.
Nor on yond Plaine, nor in this neighbouring wood;
Nor in the Dale where glides the ſiluer flood.
But like a Beacon on a hill ſo hie,
That euery one may ſee't which paſſeth by
Is Loue yplac'd: there's nothing can it hide,
Although of you as yet 'tis vneſpide.
But on which hill (quoth ſhe) pray tell me true?
Why here (quoth hee) it ſits and talkes to you.
And are you Loue (quoth ſhe?) fond Swaine adue,
You guide me wrong, my way lies not by you.
Though not your way, yet may you lye by me:
Nymph, with a Shepheard thou as merrily
Maiſt loue and liue, as with the greateſt Lord,
" Greatneſſe doth neuer moſt content afford.
I loue thee onely, not affect worlds pelfe,
" Shee is not lou'd, that's lou'd not for her ſelfe.
How many Shepheards daughters who in dutie,
To griping fathers, haue inthral'd their beautie,
To waite vpon the *Gout*, to walke when pleaſes
Olde *Ianuary* halt. O that diſeaſes
Should linke with youth! She that hath ſuch a mate
Is like two twinnes borne both incorporate:
Th'one liuing, th other dead: the liuing twinne
Muſt needes be ſlaine through noyſomneſſe of him

He

He carryeth with him: ſuch are their eſtates,
Who meerely marry wealth and not their mates.
As ebbing waters freely ſlide away,
To pay their tribute to the raging Sea;
When meeting with the floud they iuſtle ſtout,
Whether the one ſhall in, or th'other out:
Till the ſtrong floud new power of waues doth bring,
And driues the Riuer backe into his Spring.
So *Marine's* words offring to take their courſe,
By Loue then entring, were kept backe, and force
To it, this Swaine's face, eyes, and tongue aſſign'd
And threw them backe againe into her minde.
"How hard it is to leaue and not to doe
"That which by nature we are prone vnto?
"We hardly can (alas why not?) diſcuſſe,
"When Nature hath decreed it muſt be thus.
"It is a Maxime held of all, knowne plaine,
"Thruſt Nature off with forkes, ſhee'll turne againe.
Blithe *Doridon* (ſo men this Shepheard hight)
Seeing his Goddeſſe in a ſilent plight,
("Loue often makes the ſpeeches organs mute,)
Beganne againe thus to renue his ſute:
If by my words your ſilence hath beene ſuch,
Faith I am ſorry I haue ſpoke ſo much:
Barre I thoſe lips? fit to be th'vttrers, when
The heauens would parly with the chiefe of men.
Fit to direct (a tongue all hearts conuinces)
When beſt of Scribes writes to the beſt of Princes.
Were mine like yours, of choiſeſt words compleateſt,
"Ide ſhew how griefe's a thing weighes downe the greateſt.
"The beſt of formes (who knowes not?) griefe doth taint it,
"The skilfull'ſt Pencill neuer yet could paint it.
And reaſon good, ſince no man yet could finde
What figure repreſents a grieued minde.
Me thinkes a troubled thought is thus expreſt,
To be a *Chaos* rude and indigeſt:
Where all doe rule, and yet none beares chiefe ſway:
Checkt onely by a power that's more then they.
This doe I ſpeake, ſince to this euery louer
That thus doth loue, is thus ſtill giuen ouer.

If that you ſay you will not, cannot loue:
Oh Heauens! for what cauſe then doe you here moue?
Are you not fram'de of that experteſt molde,
For whom all in this Round, concordance holde?
Or are you framed of ſome other faſhion,
And haue a forme and heart, but yet no paſſion?
It cannot be: for then vnto what end
Did the beſt worke-man this great worke entend?
Not that by mindes commerce, and ioynt eſtate,
The worlds continuers ſtill ſhould propagate?
Yea, if that Reaſon (regent of the Senſes)
Haue but a part amongſt your excellences,
Shee'll tell you what you call *Virginitie*,
Is fitly likned to a barren tree;
Which when the Gardner on it paines beſtowes,
To graffe an Impe thereon, in time it growes
To ſuch perfection, that it yeerely brings
As goodly fruit, as any tree that ſprings.
Beleeue me Maiden, vow no chaſtitie.
Y'are but the ſhadow of what you ſhould be.
Alas poore Boy (quoth *Marine*) haue the Fates
Exempted no degrees? are no eſtates
Free from Loues rage? Be rul'd: vnhappy Swaine,
Call backe thy ſpirits, and recollect againe
Thy vagrant wits. I tell thee for a truth
"Loue is a *Syren* that doth ſhipwracke youth,
Be well aduis'd, thou entertainſt a gueſt
That is the Harbinger of all vnreſt:
VVhich like the Vipers young, that licke the earth,
Eate out the breeders wombe to get a birth.
Faith (quoth the Boy) I know there cannot be
Danger in louing, or enioying thee.
For what cauſe were things made and called good,
But to be loued? If you vnderſtood
The birds that prattle here, you would know then,
As birds woe birds, maides ſhould be woo'd of men.
But I want power to wooe, ſince what was mine
Is fled, and lye as vaſſals at your ſhrine:
And ſince what's mine is yours, let that ſame moue,
Although in me you ſee nought worthy Loue.

*Marine*

*Marine* about to ſpeake, forth of a ſling
(Fortune to all misfortunes plyes her wing
More quicke and ſpeedy) came a ſharpned flint,
Which in the faire boyes necke made ſuch a dint,
That crimſon bloud came ſtreaming from the wound,
And he fell downe into a deadly ſwound.
The bloud ranne all along where it did fall,
And could not finde a place of buriall:
But where it came, it there congealed ſtood,
As if the Earth loath'd to drinke guiltleſſe bloud.
Gold-haird *Apollo*, Muſes ſacred King,
VVhoſe praiſe in *Delphos* Ile doth euer ring:
Phyſickes firſt founder, whoſe Arts excellence,
Extracted Natures chiefeſt quinteſſence,
Vnwilling that a thing of ſuch a worth
Should ſo be loſt; ſtraight ſent a Dragon forth
To fetch this bloud, and hee perform'd the ſame.
And now Apothecaries giue it name,
From him that fetch'd it: (Doctors know it good
In Phyſickes vſe) and call it *Dragons-bloud.*
Some of the bloud by chance did downe-ward fall,
And by a veyne got to a Minerall,
VVhence came a Red, decayed Dames infuſe it
VVith *Venice Ceruſe*, and for painting vſe it.
*Marine* aſtoniſht, (moſt vnhappy Maide)
O'er-come with feare, and at the view afraid,
Fell downe into a trance, eyes loſt their ſight,
VVhich being open made all darkneſſe light.
Her bloud ranne to her heart, or life to feede,
Or loathing to behold ſo vilde a deede.
And as when VVinter doth the Earth array
In ſiluer ſute, and when the night and day
Are in diſſention, Night lockes vp the ground,
VVhich by the helpe of day is oft vnbound;
A ſhepheards Boy with Bow and Shafts addreſt,
Ranging the fields, hauing once pierc'd the breaſt
Of ſome poore fowle, doth with the blow ſtraight ruſh
To catch the Bird lies panting in the Buſh:
So ruſht this ſtriker in, vp *Marine* tooke,
And haſtned with her to a neare-hand Brooke.

Olde

An expreſſion of the natures of two Riuers riſing neare together, and diffe ing in their taſtes and manner of running.

Olde Shepheards ſaien (olde Shepheards ſooth haue ſaien)
Two Riuers tooke their iſſue from the Maine,
Both neare together, and each bent his race,
Which of them both ſhould firſt behold the face
Of Radiant *Phœbus*: One of them in gliding
Chanc'd on a Veyne where *Niter* had abiding:
The other, loathing that her purer Waue
Should be defil'd with that the *Niter* gaue,
Fled faſt away, the other follow'd faſt,
Till both beene in a Rocke ymet at laſt.
As ſeemed beſt, the Rocke did firſt deliuer
Out of his hollow ſides the purer Riuer:
(As if it taught thoſe men in honour clad,
To helpe the vertuous and ſuppreſſe the bad.)
Which gotten looſe, did ſoftly glide away.
As men from earth, to earth; from ſea, to ſea
So Riuers runne: and that from whence both came
Takes what ſhee gaue: *Waues*, *Earth*. but leaues a name.
As waters haue their courſe, and in their place
Succeeding ſtreames well out, ſo is mans race:
The *Name* doth ſtill ſuruiue, and cannot dye,
Vntill the Channels ſtop, or Spring grow drye.
As I haue ſeene vpon a Bridall-day
Full many Maides clad in their beſt array,
In honour of the Bride come with their Flaskets
Fill'd full with flowres: others in wicker-baskets
Bring from the Mariſh Ruſhes, to o'er-ſpread
The ground, whereon to Church the Louers tread;
Whilſt that the quainteſt youth of all the Plaine
Vſhers their way with many a piping ſtraine:
So, as in ioy, at this faire Riuers birth,
*Triton* came vp a Channell with his mirth,
And call'd the neighb'ring Nymphes each in her turne
To poure their pretty Riuelets from their Vrne;
To waite vpon this new-deliuered Spring.
Some running through the Meadowes, with them bring
*Cowſlip* and *Mynt*: and 'tis anothers lot
To light vpon ſome Gardeners curious knot,
VVhence ſhee vpon her breſt (loues ſweet repoſe)
Doth bring the *Queene* of flowers, the *Engliſh Roſe*.

Some

Some from the Fen bring *Reedes*, *Wilde-tyme* from Downes;
Some from a Groue the *Bay* that *Poets* crownes;
Some from an aged Rocke the Moſſe hath torne,
And leaues him naked vnto Winters ſtorme:
Another from her bankes (in meere good will)
Brings nutriment for fiſh, the *Camomill*.
Thus all bring ſomewhat, and doe ouer-ſpread
The way the Spring vnto the Sea doth tread.
This while the *Floud* which yet the Rocke vp pent,
And ſuffered not with iocund merriment
To tread rounds in his Spring, came ruſhing forth,
As angry that his waues (he thought) of worth
Should not haue libertie, nor helpe the pryme.
And as ſome ruder Swaine compoſing ryme,
Spends many a gray Gooſe quill vnto the handle,
Buries within his ſocket many a Candle;
Blots Paper by the quire, and dryes vp Incke,
As *Xerxes* Armie did whole Riuers drinke:
Hoping thereby his name his worke ſhould raiſe
That it ſhould liue vntill the laſt of dayes:
Which finiſhed, he boldly doth addreſſe
Him and his workes to vnder-goe the *Preſſe*;
When loe (ô Fate!) his worke not ſeeming fit
To walke in equipage with better wit,
Is kept from light, there gnawne by Moathes and wormes,
At which he frets: Right ſo this Riuer ſtormes:
But broken forth; As *Tauy* creepes along
The Weſterne vales of fertile *Albion*,
Here daſhes roughly on an aged Rocke,
That his entended paſſage doth vp locke;
There intricately mongſt the Woods doth wander,
Loſing himſelfe in many a wry Meander:
Here amorouſly bent, clips ſome faire Meade;
And then diſperſt in rils, doth meaſures treade
Vpon her boſome 'mongſt her flowry ranckes:
There in another place beares downe the banckes
Of ſome day-labouring wretch: here meetes a rill,
And with their forces ioynde cut out a Mill
Into an Iland, then in iocund guiſe
Suruayes his conqueſt, lauds his enterpriſe:

Here

Here digs a caue at ſome high Mountaines foote :
There vndermines an Oake, teares vp his roote :
Thence ruſhing to ſome Country farme at hand,
Breakes o'er the Yeomans mounds, ſweepes from his land
His Harueſt hope of Wheate, of Rye, or Peaſe :
And makes that channell which was Shepheards leaſe :
Here as our wicked age doth ſacriledge,
Helpes downe an Abbey, then a naturall bridge.
By creeping vnder ground he frameth out,
As who ſhould ſay he eyther went about
To right the wrong he did, or hid his face,
For hauing done a deede ſo vild and baſe :
So ranne this Riuer on, and did beſtirre
Himſelfe, to finde his fellow-Traueller.
But th'other fearing leaſt her noyce might ſhow
What path ſhee tooke, which way her ſtreames did flow :
As ſome way-faring man ſtrayes through a wood,
Where beaſts of prey thirſting for humane bloud
Lurke in their dens, he ſoftly liſtning goes,
Not truſting to his heeles, treades on his toes :
Feares euery noyſe he heares, thinkes each ſmall buſh
To be a beaſt that would vpon him ruſh :
Feareth to dye, and yet his winde doth ſmother;
Now leaues this path, takes that, then to another :
Such was her courſe. This feared to be found,
The other not to finde, ſwels o'er each mound,
Roares, rages, foames, againſt a mountaine daſhes,
And in recoile, makes Meadowes ſtanding plaſhes :
Yet findes not what he ſeekes in all his way,
But in deſpaire runnes headlong to the Sea.
This was the cauſe them by tradition taught,
Why one floud ranne ſo faſt, th'other ſo ſoft,
Both from one head. Vnto the rougher ſtreame,
(Crown'd by that Meadowes flowry Diadeame,
VVhere *Doridon* lay hurt) the cruell Swaine
Hurries the Shepheardeſſe, where hauing layne
Her in a Boate like the *Cannowes* of *Inde*,
Some ſeely trough of wood, or ſome trees rinde;
Purs from the ſhoare, and leaues the weeping ſtrand,
Intends an act by water, which the land

Abhorr'd

Abhorr'd to boulſter; yea, the guiltleſſe earth
Loath'd to be Mid-wife to ſo vilde a birth:
Which to relate I am inforc'd to wrong
The modeſt bluſhes of my Maiden-ſong.
Then each faire *Nymph* whom Nature doth endowe
With beauties cheeke, crown'd with a ſhamefaſt browe;
Whoſe well-tun'd eares, chaſt-obiect-louing eyne
Ne'er heard nor ſaw the workes of * *Aretines*;
Who ne'er came on the *Citherean* ſhelfe,
But is as true as Chaſtitie it ſelfe;
Where hated Impudence ne'er ſet her ſeede;
Where luſt lies not vail'd in a virgins weede:
Let her with-draw. Let each young Shepheardling
VValke by, or ſtop his eare, the whilſt I ſing.
But yee, whoſe bloud, like Kids vpon a plaine,
Doth skip, and daunce *Lauoltoes* in each veyne;
Whoſe breſts are ſwolne with the *Venerean* game,
And warme your ſelues at luſts alluring flame;
Who dare to act as much as men dare thinke,
And wallowing lye within a ſenſuall ſincke;
VVhoſe fained geſtures doe entrap our youth
VVith an apparancie of ſimple truth;
Inſatiate gulphs, in your defectiue part
By Art help Nature, and by Nature, Art:
Lend me your eares, and I will touch a ſtring
Shall lull your ſenſe aſleepe the whilſt I ſing.
But ſtay: me thinkes I heare ſomething in mee
That bids me keepe the bounds of modeſtie;
Sayes, "Each mans voyce to that is quickely moued
"Which of himſelfe is beſt of all beloued;
"By vtt'ring what thou knowſt leſſe glory's got,
"Then by concealing what thou knoweſt not.
If ſo, I yeeld to it, and ſet my reſt
Rather to looſe the bad, then wrong the beſt.
My Maiden-Muſe flyes the laſciuious Swaines,
And ſcornes to ſoile her lines with luſtfull ſtraines:
VVill not dilate (nor on her fore-head beare
Immodeſties abhorred Charracter)
His ſhameleſſe pryings, his vndecent doings;
His curious ſearches, his reſpectleſſe wooings:

* An obſcene Italian Poet.

How that hee ſaw. But what? I dare not breake it,
You ſafer may conceiue then I dare ſpeake it.
Yet verily had he not thought her dead,
Sh'ad loſt, ne'er to be found, a Maiden-head.
The rougher ſtreame loathing a thing compacted
Of ſo great ſhame, ſhould on his Floud be acted;
According to our times not well allow'd
In others, what he in himſelfe auow'd)
Bent hard his fore-head, furrow'd vp his face,
And danger led the way the boate did trace.
And as within a *Landtskip* that doth ſtand
Wrought by the Pencill of ſome curious hand,
We may diſcry, here meadow, there a wood:
Here ſtanding ponds, and there a running floud.
Here on ſome mount a houſe of pleaſure vanted,
Where once the roaring Cannon had beene planted:
There on a hill a Swaine pipes out the day,
Out-brauing all the Quiriſters of *May*.
A Huntſ-man here followes his cry of hounds,
Driuing the Hare along the fallow grounds:
VVhilſt one at hand ſeeming the ſport t'allow,
Followes the hounds, and careleſſe leaues the Plow.
There in another place ſome high-rais'd land,
In pride beares out her breaſts vnto the ſtrand.
Here ſtands a bridge, and there a conduit-head:
Here round a May-pole, ſome the meaſures tread:
There boyes the truant play and leaue their booke:
Here ſtands an Angler with a baited hooke.
There for a Stagge one lurkes within a bough:
Here ſits a Maiden milking of her Cow.
There on a goodly plaine (by time throwne downe)
Lyes buryed in his duſt ſome auncient Towne;
Who now inuillaged, there's onely ſeene
In his vaſte ruines what his ſtate had beene:
And all of theſe in ſhadowes ſo expreſt
Make the beholders eye to take no reſt.
So for the Swaine the *Floud* did meane to him
To ſhew in Nature, (not by Art to limbe)
A Tempeſts rage, his furious waters threate,
Some on this ſhoare, ſome on the other beate.

Here

Here ſtands a Mountaine, where was once a Dale;
There where a Mountaine ſtood is now a Vale.
Here flowes a billow, there another meetes:
Each, on each ſide the skiffe, vnkindely greetes.
The waters vnderneath gan vpwards moue,
Wondring what ſtratagems were wrought abouer
Billowes that miſt the boate, ſtill onward thruſt,
And on the Cliffes, as ſwolne with anger, burſt.
All theſe, and more, in ſubſtance ſo expreſt,
Made the beholders thoughts to take no reſt.
*Horror* in triumph rid vpon the waues;
And all the *Furies* from their gloomy caues
Came houering o'er the Boate, ſummond each ſence
Before the fearefull barre of *Conſcience;*
Were guilty all, and all condemned were
To vnder-goe their horrors which deſpaire.
What Muſe? what Powre? or what thrice ſacred Herſe,
That liues immortall in a well-tun'd Verſe
Can lend me ſuch a ſight that I might ſee
A guiltie conſcience true *Anatomie*;
That well kept Regiſter wherein is writ
All ils men doe, all goodneſſe they omit?
His pallid feares, his ſorrowes, his affrightings;
His late wiſht *had-I-n'iſts*, remorcefull bitings:
His many tortures, his hart-renting paine:
How were his griefes compoſed in one chaine,
And he by it let downe into the Seas,
Or through the Centre to th' *Antipodes?*
Hee might change Climates, or be barr'd Heauens face;
Yet finde no ſalue, nor euer change his caſe.
Feares, ſorrowes, tortures, ſad affrights, nor any,
Like to the Conſcience ſting, though thrice as many;
Yet all theſe torments by the Swaine were borne,
Whilſt Deaths grimme viſage lay vpon the ſtorme.
But as when ſome kinde Nurſe doth long time keepe
Her pretty babe at ſucke, who ſalne aſleepe
She layes downe in his Cradle, ſtints his cry
With many a ſweet and pleaſing *Lullaby;*
Whilſt the ſweet childe, not troubled with the ſhocke,
As ſweetly ſlumbers as his nurſe doth rocke.

So lay the Maide, th'amazed Swaine ſate weeping,
And death in her was diſpoſſeſt by ſleeping.
The roaring voice of windes, the billowes raues;
Nor all the muttring of the ſullen waues
Could once diſquiet, or her ſlumber ſtirre:
But lull'd her more aſleepe then wakened her.
Such are their ſtates, whoſe ſoules from foule offence
Enthroned ſit in ſpotleſſe *Innocence.*
Where reſt my Muſe; till (iolly Shepheards Swaines)
Next morne with Pearles of dewe bedecks our plaines;
Wee'll folde our flockes, then in fit time goe on
To tune mine Oaten-pipe for *Doridon.*

*The*

## The third Song.

THE ARGVMENT.

*The Shepheards Swaine within this Song*
*Tels of the cure of* DORIDON:
*And then vnto the waters fals*
*Chanteth the ruſticke Paſtorals.*

NOW had the *Sun* in golden chariot hurl'd,
Twice bid *good-morrow* to the nether world:
And *Cynthia* in her orbe and perfect round,
Twice view'd the ſhadowes of the vpper ground.
Twice had the *Day-ſtarre* vſher'd forth the light;
And twice the *Euening-ſtarre* proclaim'd the night,
Ere once the ſweet-fac'd Boy (now all forlorne)
Came with his Pipe to reſalute the Morne.
When grac'd by time (vnhappy time the while)
The cruell Swaine (who ere knew Swaine ſo vile?)
Had ſtroke the Lad, in came the watry Nymph,
To raiſe from ſound poore *Doridon* (the Impe,
Whom Nature ſeem'd to haue ſelected forth
To be ingraffed on ſome ſtocke of worth;)
And the Maides helpe, but ſince " to doomes of Fate
" Succour though ne'er ſo ſoone comes ſtill to late.

Shee

She rais'd the youth, then with her armes inrings him,
And ſo with wordes of hope ſhe home-wards brings him.
At doore expecting him his Mother ſate,
Wondring her Boy would ſtay from her ſo late;
Framing for him vnto her ſelfe excuſes:
And with ſuch thoughts gladly her ſelfe abuſes:
As that her ſonne, ſince day grew olde and weake,
Staid with the Maides to runne at *Barlybreake*:
Or that he cours'd a *Parke* with females fraught,
Which would not runne except they might be caught.
Or in the thickets laid ſome wilie ſnare
To take the Rabbet or the purblinde Hare.
Or taught his Dogge to catch the climbing Kid:
Thus Shepheards doe, and thus ſhe thought he did.
" *In things expected meeting with delay,*
" *Though there be none, we frame ſome cauſe of ſtay.*
And ſo did ſhee, (as ſhee who doth not ſo?)
Conieƈture Time vnwing'd he came ſo ſlow.
But *Doridon* drew neere, ſo did her griefe:
" Ill lucke, for ſpeede, of all things elſe is chiefe.
*Homer.* For as the *Blinde-man* ſung, *Time ſo prouides,*
*That Ioy goes ſtill on foote, and ſorrow rides.*
Now when ſhee ſaw (a wofull ſight) her ſonne,
Her hopes then failde her, and her cryes begun
To vtter ſuch a plaint that ſcarce another
Like this, ere came from any loue-ſicke mother.
If man hath done this, heauen why mad'ſt thou men?
Not to deface thee in thy childeren;
But by the worke the Worke-man to adore;
Framing that ſomething, which was nought before.
Aye me vnhappy wretch, if that in things
Which are as wee (ſaue title) men feare Kings,
That be their Poſtures to the life limb'd on
Some wood as fraile as they, or cut in ſtone,
'Tis death to ſtab: why then ſhould earthly things
Dare to deface his forme who formed Kings?
VVhen the world was but in his infancie,
Reuenge, Deſires vniuſt, vilde Iealouſie,
Hate, Enuy, Murther, all theſe ſixe then raigned,
VVhen but their halfe of men the world contained.

Yet

Yet but in part of theſe, thoſe ruled then,
When now as many vices liue as men.
Liue they? yes liue I feare to kill my Sonne,
VVith whom my ioyes, my loue, my hopes are done.
Ceaſe quoth the *Waters Nimph*, that led the Swaine;
Though 'tis each mothers cauſe thus to complaine:
Yet "abſtinence in things we muſt profeſſe
"VVhich *Nature* fram'd for neede, not for exceſſe.
Since the leaſt bloud, drawne from the leſſer part
Of any childe, comes from the Mothers hart,
VVe cannot chuſe but grieue, except that wee
Should be more ſenſleſſe then the ſenſleſſe tree,
Reply'd his Mother. Doe but cut the limbe
Of any Tree, the trunke will weepe for him:
Rend the colde **Sicamor's* thinne barke in two,
His Name and Teares, would ſay, So Love *ſhould doe.*
"That Mother is all flint (then beaſts leſſe good)
"VVhich drops no water when her childe ſtreames bloud.
At this the wounded Boy fell on his knee,
Mother, kinde Mother (ſaid) weepe not for mee,
VVhy I am well? Indeede I am. If you
Ceaſe not to weepe, my wound will bleede anew.
VVhen I was promiſt firſt the lights fruition,
You oft haue tolde mee, 'twas on this condition,
That I ſhould hold it with like rent and paine
As others doe, and one time leaue't againe.
Then deereſt Mother leaue, oh leaue to waile,
"Time will effect where teares can nought auaile.
Herewith *Marinda* taking vp her ſonne,
Her hope, her loue, her ioy, her *Doridon.*
She thank'd the *Nymph*, for her kinde ſuccour lent,
VVho ſtraight tript to her watry Regiment.
Downe in a dell (where in that *Month whoſe fame
Growes greater by the man who gaue it name,
Stands many a well pill'd cocke of ſhort ſweet hay
That feedes the Husbands Neate each VVinters day)
A mountaine had his foote, and gan to riſe
In ſtately height to parlee with the Skyes.
And yet as blaming his owne lofty gate,
VVaighing the fickle props in things of ſtate

His

* Alluding to our Engliſh pronunciation, and indifferent Orthographie.

* Iuly tooke his name from *Iulius Cæſar.*

His head began to droope, and downe-wards bending,
Knockt on that breſt which gaue it birth and ending:
And lyes ſo with an hollow hanging vaut,
As when ſome Boy trying the *Somerſaut*,
Stands on his head, and feete, as he did lye
To kicke againſt earths ſpangled Canopie.
VVhen ſeeing that his heeles are of ſuch weight,
That he cannot obtaine their purpos'd height,
Leaues any more to ſtriue; and thus doth ſay,
VVhat now I cannot doe, another day
May well effect: it cannot be denide
I ſhew'd a will to act, becauſe I tride:
The *Scornefull-hill* men call'd him, who did ſcorne
So to be call'd, by reaſon hee had borne
No hate to greatneſſe, but a minde to be
The ſlaue of greatneſſe through Humilitie:
For had his Mother Nature thought it meete
Hee meekely bowing would haue kiſt her feete.
Vnder the hollow hanging of this hill
There was a Caue cut out by Natures skill:
Or elſe it ſeem'd the Mount did open's breſt,
That all might ſee what thoughts he there poſſeſt.
Whoſe gloomy entrance was enuiron'd round
With ſhrubs that cloy ill husbands Meadow-ground:
The thicke-growne *Haw-thorne* and the binding *Bryer*,
The *Holly* that out-dares colde winters ire:
Who all intwinde, each limbe with limbe did deale,
That ſcarſe a glympſe of light could inward ſteale.
An vncouth place, fit for an vncouth minde,
That is as heauy as that caue is blinde;
Here liu'd a man his hoary hayres call'd olde,
Vpon whoſe front time many yeeres had tolde.
Who ſince Dame Nature in him feeble grew,
And he vnapt to giue the world ought new,
The ſecret power of Hearbs that grow on molde,
Sought out, to cheriſh and relieue the olde.
Hither *Marinda* all in haſte came running,
And with her teares deſir'd the olde mans cunning.
When this good man (as goodneſſe ſtill is preſt
At all aſſayes to helpe a wight diſtreſt)

As glad and willing was to eaſe her ſonne,
As ſhee would euer ioy to ſee it done.
And giuing her a ſalue in leaues vp bound,
And ſhee directed how to cure the wound,
With thankes, made home-wards, (longing ſtill to ſee
Th'effect of this good *Hermits* Surgerie)
There carefully, her ſonne laid on a bed,
(Enriched with the bloud hee on it ſhed)
She waſhes, dreſſes, bindes his wound (yet ſore)
That grieu'd it could weepe bloud for him no more.
Now had the glorious *Sunne* tane vp his *Inne*,
And *Philomell* gan on the Haw-thorne ſing,
(Whilſt euery beaſt at reſt was lowly laid)
The outrage done vpon a ſeely Maide.
All things were huſht, each bird ſlept on his bough;
And night gaue reſt to him, day tir'd at plough;
Each beaſt, each bird, and each day-toyling wight,
Receiu'd the comfort of the ſilent night:
Free from the gripes of ſorrow euery one,
Except poore *Philomel* and *Doridon*;
She on a Thorne ſings ſweet though ſighing ſtraines;
He on a couch more ſoft, more ſad complaines:
Whoſe in-pent thoughts him long time hauing pained,
He ſighing wept, and weeping thus complained.
Sweet *Philomela* (then he heard her ſing)
I doe not enuy thy ſweet carolling,
But doe admire thee, that each euen and morrow,
Canſt careleſly thus ſing away thy ſorrow.
Would I could doe ſo too! and euer be
In all my woes ſtill imitating thee:
But I may not attaine to that; for then
Such moſt vnhappy, miſerable men
Would ſtriue with heauen, and imitate the Sunne,
Whoſe golden beames in exhalation,
Though drawne from Fens, or other grounds impure,
Turne all to fructifying nouriture.
When we draw no thing by our Sun-like eyes,
That euer turnes to mirth, but miſeries.
Would I had neuer ſeene, except that ſhee
Who made me wiſh ſo, loue to looke on me.

Had *Colin Clout* yet liu'd, (but he is gone)
That beſt on earth could tune a louers mone.
VVhoſe ſadder Tones inforc'd the Rockes to weepe,
And laid the greateſt griefes in quiet ſleepe:
VVho when he ſung (as I would doe to mine)
His trueſt loues to his faire *Roſaline*,
Entic'd each Shepheards eare to heare him play,
And rapt with wonder thus admiring ſay:
Thrice happy plaines (if plaines thrice happy may be)
VVhere ſuch a Shepheard pipes to ſuch a Lady.
VVho made the Laſſes long to ſit downe neare him;
And woo'd the Riuers from their Springs to heare him.
Heauen reſt thy Soule (if ſo a Swaine may pray)
And as thy workes liue here, liue there for aye.
Meane while (vnhappy) I ſhall ſtill complaine
Loues cruell wounding of a ſeely Swaine.
Two nights thus paſt: the Lilly-handed Morne
Saw *Phœbus* ſtealing dewe from *Ceres* Corne.
The mounting *Larke* (dayes herauld) got on wing
Bidding each bird chuſe out his bough and ſing.
* The lofty Treble ſung the little *Wren*;
*Robin* the Meane, that beſt of all loues men;
The *Nightingale* the Tenor; and the *Thruſh*
The Counter-tenor ſweetly in a buſh:
And that the Muſicke might be full in parts,
Birds from the groues flew with right willing harts:
But (as it ſeem'd) they thought (as doe the Swaines,
VVhich tune their Pipes on ſack'd *Hibernia's* plaines)
There ſhould ſome droaning part be, therefore will'd
Some bird to flye into a neighb'ring field,
In Embaſſie vnto the *King* of *Bees*,
To aide his partners on the flowres and trees:
VVho condiſcending gladly flew along
To beare the Baſe to this well tuned ſong.
The *Crow* was willing they ſhould be beholding
For his deepe voyce, but being hoarſe with skolding,
He thus lends aide; vpon an Oake doth climbe,
And nodding with his head, ſo keepeth time.
O true delight, enharboring the breſts
Of thoſe ſweet creatures with the plumy creſts.

* A deſcription of a Muſicall Conſort of birds,

Had

Had Nature vnto man ſuch ſimpl'eſſe giuen,
He would like birds be farre more neere to heauen.
But *Doridon* well knew (who knowes no leſſe?)
" Mans compounds haue o'er-throwne his ſimpleneſſe.
*Noone-tide* the *Morne* had woo'd, and ſhee gan yeeld,
When *Doridon*, (made ready for the field,)
Goes ſadly forth (a wofull Shepheards Lad)
Drowned in teares, his minde with griefe yclad,
To ope his folde and lets his Lamkins out,
(Full iolly flocke they ſeemd, a well-fleec'd rout)
Which gently walk'd before, hee ſadly pacing,
Both guides and folowes them towards their grazing.
When from a Groue the Wood-Nymphs held full deare,
Two heauenly voyces did intreat his eare,
And did compell his longing eyes to ſee
What happy wight enioy'd ſuch harmonie.
Which ioyned with fiue more, and ſo made ſeauen,
Would paralell in mirth the *Spheares* of heauen.
To haue a ſight, at firſt he would not preſſe,
For feare to interrupt ſuch happineſſe:
But kept aloofe, the thicke growne ſhrubs among,
Yet ſo as he might heare this wooing Song.

*F.* FYe Shepheards Swaine, why ſitſt thou all alone,
Whilſt other Lads are ſporting on the leyes?
*R. Ioy* may haue company, but *Griefe* hath none:
Where pleaſure neuer came, ſports cannot pleaſe.
*F.* Yet may you pleaſe to grace our this dayes ſport,
Though not an actor yet a looker on.
*R.* A looker on indeede, ſo Swaines of ſort,
Caſt low, take ioy to looke whence they are throwne?
*F.* Seeke ioy and finde it.
*R.* Griefe doth not minde it.

BOTH.

*Then both agree in one,*
*Sorrow doth hate*
*To haue a mate;*
" *True griefe is ſtill alone.*

*F.* Sad Swaine areade, (if that a Maide may aske?)
What cauſe ſo great effects of griefe hath wrought?
*R.* Alas, Loue is not hid, it weares no maske;
To view 'tis by the face conceiu'd and brought.
*F.* The cauſe I grant: the cauſer is not learned:
Your ſpeech I doe entreat about this taske.
*R.* If that my heart were ſeene, 'twould be diſcerned;
And *Fida's* name found grauen on the caske.
*F.* Hath Loue young *Remond* moued.
*R.* 'Tis *Fida* that is loued.

BOTH.

*Although 'tis ſaid that no men*
*Will with their harts,*
*Or goods chiefe parts*
*Truſt eyther Seas or Women.*

*F.* How may a Maiden be aſſur'd of loue,
Since falſhood late in euery Swaine excelleth?
*R.* When proteſtations faile, time may approue
Where true affection liues, where falſhood dwelleth.
*F.* The trueſt cauſe elects a Iudge as true:
Fie, how my ſighing, my much louing telleth.
*R.* Your loue is fixt in one whoſe hart to you
Shall be as conſtancy, which ne'er rebelleth.
*F.* None other ſhall haue grace.
*R.* None elſe in my heart place.

BOTH.

*Goe Shepheards Swaines and wine all,*
*For Loue and Kings*
*Are two like things*
*Admitting no Corriuall.*

As when ſome Malefactor iudg'd to dye
For his offence, his Execution nye,
Caſteth his ſight on ſtates vnlike to his,
And weighes his ill by others happineſſe:
So *Doridon* thought euery ſtate to be
Further from him, more neere felicitie.
O bleſſed ſight, where ſuch concordance meetes,
Where truth with truth, and loue with liking greetes.

Had

Had (quoth the Swaine) the Fates giuen me ſome meaſure
Of true delights ineſtimable treaſure,
I had beene fortunate: but now ſo weake
My banckrupt heart will be inforc'd to breake.
Sweet Loue that drawes on earth a yoake ſo euen;
Sweet life that imitates the bliſſe of heauen;
Sweet death they needes muſt haue, who ſo vnite,
That two diſtinct make one *Hermaphrodite*:
Sweet loue, ſweet life, ſweet death, that ſo doe meet
On earth; in death, in heauen be euer ſweet!
Let all good wiſhes euer waite vpon you,
And happineſſe as hand-maid tending on you.
Your loues within one centre meeting haue!
One houre your deaths, your corps poſſeſſe one graue!
Your names ſtill greene, (thus doth a Swaine implore)
Till time and memory ſhall be no more!
Herewith the couple hand in hand aroſe,
And tooke the way which to the Sheepe-walke goes.
And whilſt that *Doridon* their gate look'd on,
His dogge diſclos'd him, ruſhing forth vpon
A well fed Deere, that trips it o'er the Meade,
As nimbly as the wench did whilome tread
On *Ceres* dangling eares, or Shaft let goe
By ſome faire Nymph that beares *Diana's* Bowe.
When turning head, he not a foote would ſturre,
Scorning the barking of a Shepheards curre:
So ſhould all Swaines as little weigh their ſpite,
Who at their ſongs doe bawle, but dare not bite.
*Remond*, that by the dogge the Maſter knew,
Came backe and angry bad him to purſue;
*Dory* (quoth he) if your ill-tuter'd dogge
Haue nought of awe, then let him haue a clogge.
Doe you not know this ſeely timerous Deere,
(As vſuall to his kinde) hunted whileare,
The Sunne not tenne degrees got in the Signes,
Since to our Maides, here gathering Columbines,
Shee weeping came, and with her head low laid
In *Fida's* lap, did humbly begge for aide.
VVhereat vnto the hounds they gaue a checke,
And ſauing her, might ſpie about her necke.

A Coller hanging, and (as yet is ſeene)
Theſe words in golde wrought on a ground of greene.
*Maidens: ſince 'tis decreed a Maid ſhall haue mee,*
*Keepe mee till hee ſhall kill me that muſt ſaue mee.*
But whence ſhe came, or who the words concerne,
Wee neyther know nor can of any learne.
Vpon a pallat ſhee doth lye at night,
Neere *Fida's* bed, nor will ſhee from her ſight:
Vpon her walkes ſhee all the day attends,
And by her ſide ſhee trips where ere ſhe wends.
*Remond*, (replide the Swaine) if I haue wrong'd
*Fida* in ought which vnto her belong'd:
I ſorrow for't, and truely doe proteſt,
As yet I neuer heard ſpeech of this Beaſt:
Nor was it with my will; or if it were,
Is it not lawfull wee ſhould chaſe the Deere,
That breaking our incloſures euery morne
Are found at feede vpon our crop of corne?
Yet had I knowne this Deere, I had not wrong'd
*Fida* in ought which vnto her belong'd.
I thinke no leſſe, quoth *Remond*; but I pray,
Whither walkes *Doridon* this Holy-day?
Come driue your ſheepe to their appointed feeding,
And make you one at this our merry meeting.
Full many a Shepheard with his louely Laſſe,
Sit telling tales vpon the clouer graſſe:
There is the merry Shepheard of the hole;
*Thenot*, *Piers*, *Nilkin*, *Duddy*, *Hobbinoll*,
*Alexis*, *Siluan*, *Teddy* of the Glen,
*Rowly*, and *Perigot* here by the Fen,
VVith many more, I cannot reckon all
That meet to ſolemnize this feſtiuall.
I grieue not at their mirth, ſaid *Doridon*:
Yet had there beene of Feaſts not any one
Appointed or commanded, you will ſay,
"VVhere there's Content 'tis euer Holy-day.
Leaue further talke (quoth *Remond*) let's be gone,
Ile helpe you with your ſheepe, the time drawes on.
*Fida* will call the *Hinde*, and come with vs.
Thus went they on, and *Remond* did diſcuſſe

Their

Their cauſe of meeting, till they wonne with pacing
The circuit choſen for the Maidens tracing.
It was a *Roundell* ſeated on a plaine,
That ſtood as *Sentinell* vnto the *Maine*,
Enuiron'd round with Trees and many an Arbour,
Wherein melodious birds did nightly harbour:
And on a bough within the quickning Spring,
Would be a teaching of their young to ſing;
Whoſe pleaſing Noates the tyred Swaine haue made
To ſteale a nappe at noone-tyde in the ſhade.
*Nature* her ſelfe did there in triumph ride,
And made that place the ground of all her pride.
Whoſe various flowres deceiu'd the raſher eye
In taking them for curious Tapiſtrie.
A ſiluer Spring forth of a rocke did fall,
That in a drought did ſerue to water all.
Vpon the edges of a graſſie bancke,
A tuft of Trees grew circl'ing in a rancke,
As if they ſeem'd their ſports to gaze vpon,
Or ſtood as guard againſt the winde and Sunne:
So faire, ſo freſh, ſo greene, ſo ſweet a ground
The piercing eyes of heauen yet neuer found.
Here *Doridon* all ready met doth ſee,
(Oh who would not at ſuch a meeting be?)
Where he might doubt, who gaue to other grace,
Whether the place the Maides, or Maides the place.
Here gan the Reede, and merry Bag-pipe play,
Shrill as a *Thruſh* vpon a morne of May.
(A rurall Muſicke for an heauenly traine)
And euery ſhepheardeſſe daunc'd with her Swaine.
As when ſome gale of winde doth nimbly take
A faire white locke of wooll, and with it make
Some prettie driuing; here it ſweepes the plaine;
There ſtayes, here hops, there mounts, and turnes againe:
Yet all ſo quicke, that none ſo ſoone can ſay
That now it ſtops, or leapes, or turnes away:
So was their dauncing, none look'd thereupon,
But thought their ſeuerall motions to be one.
A crooked meaſure was their firſt election,
Becauſe all crooked tends to beſt perfection.

And

And as I weene this often bowing meaſure,
VVas chiefely framed for the womens pleaſure.
Though like the ribbe, they crooked are and bending,
Yet to the beſt of formes they ayme their ending:
Next in an (I) their meaſure made a reſt,
Shewing when Loue is plaineſt it is beſt.
Then in a (Y) which thus doth Loue commend,
Making of two at firſt, one in the end.
And laſtly cloſing in a round doe enter,
Placing the luſty Shepheards in the center:
About the Swaines they dauncing ſeem'd to roule,
As other *Planets* round the Heauenly *Pole*.
VVho by their ſweet aſpect or chiding frowne,
Could raiſe a Shepheard vp, or caſt him downe.
Thus were they circled till a Swaine came neere,
And ſent this Song vnto each Shepheards eare:
The Noate and voyce ſo ſweet, that for ſuch mirth,
The Gods would leaue the heauens, and dwell on Earth.

*HAppy are you ſo encloſed,*
*May the Maides be ſtill diſpoſed*
*In their geſtures and their dances,*
*So to grace you with intwining,*
*That* Enuy *wiſh in ſuch combining.*
*Fortunes ſmile with happie chances.*

*Here it ſeemes as if the* Graces
*Meaſur'd out the Plaine in traces,*
*In a ſhepheardeſſe diſguiſing.*
*Are the Spheares ſo nimbly turning?*
*Wandring Lampes in heauen burning,*
*To the eye ſo much entiſing?*

*Yet Heauen meanes to take theſe thither,*
*And adde one ioy to ſee both daunce together.*

*Gentle Nymphes be not refuſing,*
*Loues neglect is times abuſing;*
*They and beauty are but lent you.*
*Take the one and keepe the other:*
*Loue keepes freſh, what age doth ſmother.*
*Beauty gone you will repent you.*

'Twill

*'Twill be ſaid when yee haue proued,*
*Neuer Swaines more truely loued:*
*O then flye all nice behauiour.*
*Pitty faine would (as her dutie)*
*Be attending ſtill on beautie*
*Let her not be out of fauour.*

Diſdaine *is now ſo much rewarded,*
*That* Pitty *weepes ſince ſhee is vnregarded.*

The meaſure and the Song here being ended:
Each Swaine his thoughts thus to his loue commended.

The firſt preſents his *Dogge*, with theſe:

*When I my flocke neere you doe keepe,*
*And bid my Dogge goe take a Sheepe,*
*He cleane miſtakes what I bid doe,*
*And bends his pace ſtill towards you.*
*Poore wretch, he knowes more care I*
*To get you, then a ſeely ſheepe. (keepe*

The ſecond, his *Pipe*, with theſe:

*Bid me to ſing (faire Maide) my Song ſhall proue*
*There ne'er was truer Pipe ſung truer Loue.*

The third, a paire of *Gloues*, thus:

*These will keepe your hands from burning,*
*Whilst the Sunne is swiftly turning;*
*But who can any veile deuise*
*To shield my Heart from your faire Eyes?*

The fourth, an *Anagram.*

MAIDEN
AIDMEN.

*Maidens should be ayding Men,*
*And for loue giue loue agen:*
*Learne this lesson from your Mother,*
*One good wish requires another.*
*They deserue their names best, when*
*Maides most willingly* ayd Men.

The fift, a *Ring*, with a Picture in a Iewell on it.

*Nature hath fram'd a Iemme beyond compare,*
*The world's the* Ring, *but you the* Iewell *are.*

The

The ſixt, a *Noſegay* of Roſes, with a Nettle in it.

*Such is the* Poſie, Loue *compoſes;*
*A ſtinging Nettle mixt with Roſes.*

The ſeauenth, a *Girdle.*

*This during light I giue to clip your waſt,*
*Faire, grant mine armes that place when day is paſt.*

The Eight

You haue the substance, and I liue
But by the shadowe which you giue,
Substance and shadowe, both are due
And ginen of me to none but you
Then whence is life but from that part
Which is possessor of the hart.

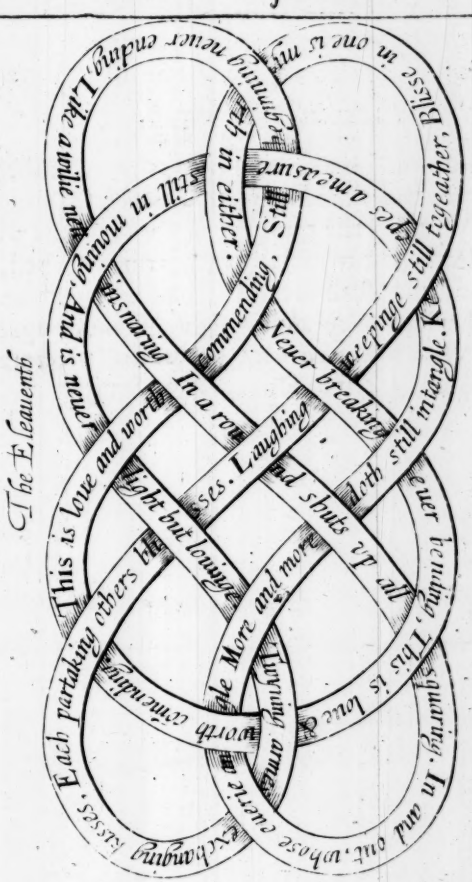
The Nynth

The Hooke of right belongs to you. for when I take but seelie Sheepe, yo still take Men

The Tenth

Louelie maiden best of any
Of our plaines though thrice as many:
Vaile to loue, and leaue denyeing,
Endles knotts lett fates be tyeing.
Such a face, so fyne a feature
(Kindest fairest sweetest creature)
Neuer yet was found, but louing;
O then lett my plaintes be mouing!
Trust a shepheard though ye meanest,
Truth is best when shee is plainest.
I loue, not, with vowes contesting:
Fayth is fayth without protesting.
Time ye all thinges doth inheritt
Renders each desert his merritt.
If ye, faile in me, as noe man
Doubtles tyme nere wonne a woeman
e.

Maidens still should be relentinge,
And once flinty, still repentinge.
Youth with youth is best combyned.
Each one with his like is twyned
Beauty should haue beautious meaning
Euer ye hope easeth playninge.
Vnto you whome Nature dresses
Needs no combe to smooth yo tresses.
This way yt may doe his dutie
In yo locks to shade your beautie
Doe soe, and to loue be turninge
Elce each hart it will be burninge.



Loe Cupid leaues his bowe, his reason is
Because your eyes wounde when his shafts doe misse

Whilſt euery one was offring at the ſhrine
Of ſuch rare beauties might be ſtil'd diuine:
This lamentable voice towards them flyes:
*O Heauen ſend aid, or elſe a Maiden dyes!*
Herewith ſome ranne the way the voyce them led;
Some with the Maidens ſtaid which ſhooke for dread:
VVhat was the cauſe time ſerues not now to tell.
Hearke; for my iolly Wether rings his bell,
And almoſt all our flockes haue left to graze,
Shepheards 'tis almoſt night, hie home apace
VVhen next wee meet (as wee ſhall meet ere long)
Ile tell the reſt in ſome enſuing Song.

*The*

# The fourth Song.

THE ARGVMENT.

Fida's *diſtreſt, the Hinde is ſlaine,*
*Yet from her rvines liues againe.*
Riots *diſcription next I rime;*
*Then* Aletheia, *and olde* Time:
*And laſtly, from this Song I goe,*
*Hauing deſcrib'd the* Vale of VVoe.

HAppy yee dayes of olde, when euery waſte
Was like a SANCTVARIE to the chaſte:
VVhen Inceſts, Rapes, Adulteries, were not knowne;
All pure as bloſſomes, which are newly blowne.
Maides were as free from ſpots, and ſoiles within,
As moſt vnblemiſht in the outward skinne.
Men euery Plaine and Cottages affords
As ſmoth in deedes as they were faire in words.
Maidens with men as ſiſters with their brothers;
And men with Maides conuers'd as with their Mothers;
Free from ſuſpition, or the rage of bloud.
*Strife* onely raign'd, for all ſtriu'd to be good.

But

But then as little Wrens but newly fledge,
Firſt, by their neſts hop vp and downe the hedge;
Then one from bough to bough gets vp a tree:
His fellow noting his agilitie
Thinkes he as well may venter as the other,
So fluſhing from one ſpray vnto another
Gets to the toppe, and then enbold'ned flies
Vnto an height paſt ken of humane eyes:
So time brought worſe, men firſt deſir'd to talke;
Then came ſuſpect; and then a priuate walke;
Then by conſent appointed times of meeting,
Where moſt ſecurely each might kiſſe his ſweeting;
Laſtly, with luſts their panting breſts ſo ſwell,
They came to. But to what I bluſh to tell,
And entred thus, Rapes vſed were of all,
Inceſt, Adulterie, held as Veniall:
The certaintie in doubtfull ballance reſts,
If beaſts did learne of men, or men of beaſts.
Had they not learn'd of man who was their King,
So to inſult vpon an vnderling,
They ciuily had ſpent their liues gradation,
As meeke and milde as in their firſt creation;
Nor had th'affections of infected mindes
So alter'd nature, and diſorder'd kindes.
*Fida* had beene leſſe wretched, I more glad,
That ſo true loue ſo true a progreſſe had.
When *Remond* left her, (*Remond* then vnkinde)
*Fida* went downe the dale to ſeeke the Hinde;
And found her taking ſoyle within a floud:
Whom when ſhee call'd ſtraight follow'd to the wood.
*Fida* then wearied, ſeekes the cooling ſhade,
Lights on an arbour by the ſhepheards made
To frolicke in (when *Sol* did hoteſt ſhine)
With cates which were farre cleanlier then fine.
For in thoſe dayes men neuer vs'd to feede
So much for pleaſure as they did for neede.
Enriching thus the arbour downe ſhe ſate her;
And many a buſie Bee came flying at her:
Thinking when ſhee for ayre her breſts diſcloſes,
That there had growne ſome tuft of Damaske-Roſes,

And

And that her azure veynes which then did ſwell,
VVere Conduit-pipes brought from a liuing VVell.
VVhoſe liquour might the world enioy for money,
Bees would be banke-rupt, none would care for honey.
The Hinde lay ſtill without, (poore ſilly creature,
How like a woman art thou fram'd by nature?
Timerous, apt to teares, wilie in running,
Caught beſt when force is entermixt with cunning)
Lying thus diſtant, different chances meete them,
And with a fearefull obiect Fate doth greete them.
Something appear'd, which ſeem'd farre off, a man, Deſcription of *Riot.*
In ſtature, habit, gate, proportion:
But when the eyes their obiects Maſters were,
And it farre ſtricter cenſure came more neere,
By all his properties one well might gheſſe,
Than of a man, hee ſure had nothing leſſe.
For verily ſince olde *Deucalions* floud
Earths ſlime did ne'er produce a viler brood.
Vpon the various Earths embrodered gowne
There is a weede vpon whoſe head growes Downe;
*Sow-thiſtle* 'tis ycleep'd, whoſe downy wreath,
If any one can blow off at a breath,
We deeme her for a Maide: ſuch was his haire,
Ready to ſhed at any ſtirring ayre.
His eares were ſtrucken deafe when hee came nye,
To heare the Widowes or the Orphanes cry.
His eyes encircled with a bloudy chaine,
With poaring in the bloud of bodies ſlaine.
His mouth exceeding wide, from whence did flye
Vollies of execrable blaſphemie;
Banning the Heauens, and he that rideth on them,
Dar'd vengeance to the teeth to fall vpon him:
Like *Scythian* Wolues, or * men of wit bereauen, * Men of *Scirum* ſhoote againſt the ſtars.
Which howle and ſhoote againſt the Lights of Heauen.
His hands, (if hands they were) like ſome dead corſe,
With digging vp his buryed anceſtors;
Making his Fathers Tombe and ſacred ſhrine
The trough wherein the Hog-heard fed his Swine.
And as that Beaſt hath legs (which Shepheards feare,
Ycleep'd a *Badger*, which our Lambes doth teare)

One long, the other ſhort, that when he runnes
Vpon the plaines, he halts; but when he wonnes
On craggy Rockes, or ſteepy hils, wee ſee
None runnes more ſwift, nor eaſier then hee:
Such legs the Monſter had, one ſinew ſhrunke,
That in the plaines he reel'd, as being drunke;
And halted in the pathes to *Virtue* tending:
And therefore neuer durſt be that way bending:
But when he came on carued *Monuments*,
Spiring *Coloſſes*, and high raiſed rents,
He paſt them o'er, quicke, as the Eaſterne winde
Sweepes through a Meadow; or a nimble *Hinde*,
Or *Satyre* on a Lawne; or skipping *Roe*;
Or well-wing'd Shaft forth of a *Parthian* bowe.
His body made (ſtill in conſumptions rife)
A miſerable priſon for a life:
*Riot* hee hight; whom ſome curs'd Fiend did raiſe,
When like a *Chaos* were the nights and dayes;
Got and brought vp in the *Cymerian* Clyme,
Where Sunne nor Moone, nor dayes nor nights doe time:
As who ſhould ſay, they ſcorn'd to ſhew their faces
To ſuch a Fiend ſhould ſeeke to ſpoile the *Graces*.
At ſight whereof, *Fida* nigh drown'd in feare,
Was cleane diſmaide when he approached neere;
Nor durſt ſhee call the Deere, nor whiſtling winde her,
Fearing her noyce might make the Monſter finde her;
Who ſlilie came, for hee had cunning learn'd him,
And ſeiz'd vpon the Hinde, ere ſhee diſcern'd him.
Oh how ſhe ſtriu'd and ſtrugled; euery nerue
Is preſt at all aſſayes a life to ſerue:
Yet ſoone we loſe what we might longer keepe,
Were not Preuention commonly aſleepe.
Maides, of this Monſters broode be fearefull all,
What to the *Hinde* may hap to you befall.
Who with her feete held vp in ſtead of hands,
And teares which pittie from the Rocke commands,
She ſighes, and ſhrikes, and weepes, and lookes vpon him:
Alas ſhe ſobs, and many a groane throwes on him;
With plaints which might abate a Tyrants knife;
She begges for pardon, and entreates for life,

The

The hollow caues reſound her moanings neere it,
That heart was flint which did not grieue to heare it:
The high topt *Firres* which on that mountaine keepe,
Haue euer ſince that time beene ſeene to weepe.
The *Owle* till then, 'tis thought full well could ſing,
And tune her voyce to euery bubling Spring:
But when ſhee heard thoſe plaints, then forth ſhee yode
Out of the couert of an *Iuy* tod,
And hallowing for aide, ſo ſtrain'd her throate,
That ſince ſhee cleane forgot her former noate.
A little *Robin* ſitting on a tree,
In dolefull noates bewail'd her Tragedie.
An *Aſpe*, who thought him ſtout, could not diſſemble,
But ſhew'd his feare, and yet is ſeene to tremble.
Yet Cruelty was deafe, and had no ſight
In ought which might gaine-ſay the appetite:
But with his teeth rending her throate aſunder,
Beſprinckel'd with her bloud the greene graſſe vnder.
And gurmundizing on her fleſh and bloud,
He vomitting returned to the VVood.
*Rvot* but newly gone, as ſtrange a viſion
Though farre more heauenly came in apparition.
As that *Arabian* bird (whom all admire)
Her exequies prepar'd and funerall fire,
Burnt in a flame conceiued from the Sunne,
And nouriſhed with ſlips of *Cynamon*,
Out of her aſhes hath a ſecond birth,
And flyes abroad, a wonderment on earth:
So from the ruines of this mangled Creature
Aroſe ſo faire and ſo diuine a feature,
That *Enuy* for her heart would doate vpon her;
Heauen could not chuſe but be enamour'd on her:
Were I a *Starre*, and ſhee a ſecond *Spheare*,
Ide leaue the other, and be fixed there.
Had faire *Arachne* wrought this Maidens haire,
When ſhee with *Pallas* did for skill compare,
*Minerua's* worke had beene eſteemd a toy,
And this had wonne the praiſe from that of *Troy*.
Yet gladly now ſhee would reuerſe her doome,
Weauing this haire within a Spiders Loome.

Deſcription of *Truth*.

Vpon her fore-head, as in glory ſate
Mercy and Maieſtie, for wondring at,
As pure and ſimple as *Albania's* ſnow,
Or milke-white Swannes which ſtem the ſtreames of *Poe*:
Like to ſome goodly fore-land, bearing out
Her haire, the tufts which fring'd the ſhoare about.
And leaſt the man which ſought thoſe coaſts might ſlip,
Her eyes like Starres, did ſerue to guide the ſhip.
Vpon her front (heauens faireſt *Promontory*)
Delineated was, th'Authentique Story
Of thoſe Elect, whoſe ſheepe at firſt began
To nibble by the ſprings of *Canaan*:
Out of whoſe ſacred loynes, (brought by the ſtem
Of that ſweet Singer of *Ieruſalem*)
Came the beſt Shepheard euer flockes did keepe,
VVho yeelded vp his life to ſaue his ſheepe.
O thou Eterne! by whom all beings moue,
Giuing the Springs beneath, and Springs aboue:
VVhoſe Finger doth this *Vniuerſe* ſuſtaine,
Bringing the former and the latter raine:
VVho doſt with plentie Meades and Paſtures fill,
By drops diſtil'd like dewe on *Hermon* hill:
Pardon a ſilly Swaine, who (farre vnable
In that which is ſo rare ſo admirable)
Dares on an Oaten-pipe, thus meanely ſing
Her praiſe immenſe, whom thou delighteſt in.
And thou which through the Deſart and the deepe
Didſt lead thy Choſen like a flocke of ſheepe:
As ſometime by a Starre thou guidedſt them,
VVhich fed vpon the plaines of *Bethlehem*;
So by thy ſacred Spirit direct my quill,
VVhen I ſhall ſing ought of thy *Holy Hill*,
That times to come, when they my rymes rehearſe,
May wonder at mee, and admire my Verſe:
For who but one rapt in Cœleſtiall fire,
Can by his Muſe to ſuch a pitch aſpire?
That from aloft he might behold and tell
Her worth, whereon an iron Pen might dwell.
VVhen ſhe was borne, *Nature* in ſport began,
To learne the cunning of an *Artizan*,

And

And did Vermilion with a white compoſe,
To mocke her ſelfe, and paint a Damaske Roſe.
But ſcorning *Nature* vnto *Art* ſhould ſeeke,
She ſpilt her colours on this Maidens cheeke.
Her mouth the gate from whence all goodneſſe came,
Of power to giue the dead a liuing name.
Her words embalmed in ſo ſweet a breath,
That made them triumph both on Time and Death,
VVhoſe fragrant ſweets, ſince the *Camelion* knew,
And taſted of, hee to this humor grew:
Left other Elements, held this ſo rare,
That ſince he neuer feedes on ought but Ayre.
O had I *Virgils* verſe, or *Tullies* Tongue!
Or raping numbers like the *Thracian's* Song,
I haue a Theame would make the Rockes to dance,
And ſurly Beaſts that through the Deſart prance,
Hie from their Caues, and euery gloomy den,
To wonder at the excellence of men.
Nay, they would thinke their ſtates for euer raiſed,
But once to looke on one, ſo highly raiſed.
Out of whoſe Maiden breſts (which ſweetly riſe)
The *Seers* ſuckt their hidden *Prophecies*:
And tolde that for her loue in times to come,
Many ſhould ſeeke the Crowne of *Martyrdome*,
By fire, by ſword, by tortures, dungeons, chaines,
By ſtripes, by famine, and a world of paines;
Yet conſtant ſtill remaine (to her they loued)
Like *Syon* Mount, that cannot be remoued.
*Proportion* on her armes and hands recorded,
The world for her no fitter place afforded.
Praiſe her who liſt, he ſtill ſhall be her debter:
For *Art* ne'er fain'd, nor *Nature* fram'd a better.
As when a *holy Father* hath began
To offer ſacrifice to mightie *Pan*;
Doth the requeſt of euery Swaine aſſume,
To ſcale the VVelkin in a ſacred fume,
Made by a widow'd *Turtles* louing mate,
Or *Lamkin*, or ſome *Kid* immaculate,
Th'offring heaues aloft, with both his hands;
VVhich all adore, that neere the Altar ſtands:

So

So was her heauenly body comely rais'd
On two faire columnes; thoſe that *Ouid* prais'd
In *Iulia's* borrowed name, compar'd with theſe,
Were Crabs to Apples of th' *Heſpherides*;
Or ſtumpe-foote *Vulcan* in compariſon,
With all the height of true perfection.
Nature was here ſo lauiſh of her ſtore,
That ſhee beſtow'd vntill ſhee had no more.
Whoſe Treaſure being weakned (by this Dame)
She thruſts into the world ſo many lame.
The higheſt *Synode* of the glorious Skye,
(I heard a Wood-Nymph ſing) ſent *Mercurie*
To take a ſuruay of the faireſt faces,
And to deſcribe to them all womens graces;
Who long time wandring in a ſerious queſt,
Noting what parts by *Beautie* were poſſeſt:
At laſt hee ſaw this *Maide*, then thinking fit
To end his iourney, here, *Nil vltra*, writ.
*Fida* in adoration kiſs'd her knee,
And thus beſpake; Hayle glorious Deitie!
(If ſuch thou art, and who can deeme you leſſe?)
Whether thou raigneſt *Queene* of the *Wildeneſſe*,
Or art that Goddeſſe ('tis vnknowne to mee)
Which from the *Ocean* drawes her pettigree:
Or one of thoſe who by the moſſie banckes
Of driſling *Hellicon*, in ayrie ranckes
Tread Roundelayes vpon the ſiluer ſands,
Whilſt ſhaggy *Satyres* tripping o'r the ſtrands
Stand ſtill at gaze, and yeeld their ſenſes thrals
To the ſweet cadence of your Madrigals:
Or of the *Faiery* troope which nimbly play,
And by the Springs daunce out the Summers day;
Teaching the little birds to build their neſts,
And in their ſinging how to keepen reſts:
Or one of thoſe, who watching where a Spring
Out of our Grandame Earth hath iſſuing,
With your attractiue Muſicke wooe the ſtreame
(As men by *Faieries* led, ſalne in a dreame)
To follow you, which ſweetly trilling wanders
In many Mazes, intricate Meanders;

Till

Till at the laſt, to mocke th'enamour'd rill,
Yee bend your traces vp ſome ſhady hill;
And laugh to ſee the waue no further treade;
But in a chaſe runne foaming on his head,
Being enforc'd a channell new to frame,
Leauing the other deſtitute of name.
If thou be one of theſe, or all, or more,
Succour a ſeely Maid, that doth implore
Aide, on a bended heart, vnfain'd and meeke,
As true as bluſhes of a Maiden cheeke.
Maiden ariſe, replide the new-borne Maide:
" Pure Innocence the very ſtones will aide.
Nor of the *Faierie* troope, nor *Muſes* nine;
Nor am I *Venus*, nor of *Proſerpine*:
But daughter to a luſty aged Swaine,
That cuts the greene tufts off th'enamel'd plaine;
And with his Sythe hath many a Summer ſhorne
The plow'd-lands lab'ring with a crop of corne;
Who from the cloud-clipt mountaine by his ſtroake
Fels downe the lofty Pine, the Cedar, Oake:
He opes the floud-gates as occaſion is
Sometimes on that mans land, ſometimes on this.
When *Verolame* a ſtately Nymph of yore
Did vſe to decke her ſelfe on *Iſis* ſhore,
One morne (among the reſt) as there ſhe ſtood,
Saw the pure Channell all beſmear'd with bloud;
Inquiring for the cauſe, one did impart
Thoſe drops came from her holy *Athans* hart;
Herewith in griefe ſhe gan entreate my Syre,
That *Iſis* ſtreame, which yeerely did attire
Thoſe gallant fields in changeable array,
Might turne her courſe and runne ſome other way.
Leaſt that her waues might waſh away the guilt
From off their hands which *Albans* bloud had ſpilt:
Hee condiſcended and the nimble waue
Her Fiſh no more within that channell draue:
But as a witneſſe left the crimſon gore
To ſtaine the earth, as they their hands before.
He had a beeing ere there was a birth,
And ſhall not ceaſe vntill the Sea and Earth,

Deſcription of *Time*.

And

And what they both containe, ſhall ceaſe to be,
Nothing confines him but *Eternitie*.
By him the names of good men euer liue,
Which ſhort-liu'd men vnto *Oblivion* giue:
And in forgetfulneſſe he lets him fall,
That is no other man then naturall:
'Tis he alone that righly can diſcouer,
Who is the true, and who the fained Louer.
In Summers heate when any Swaine to ſleepe
Doth more addict himſelfe then to his ſheepe;
And whilſt the *Leaden God* ſits on his eyes,
If any of his Folde or ſtrayes or dyes,
And to the waking Swaine it be vnknowne,
Whether his ſheepe be dead, or ſtraid, or ſtolne;
To meete my Syre he bends his courſe in paine,
Eyther where ſome high hill ſuruayes the plaine;
Or takes his ſtep toward the flowry vallyes,
Where *Zephyre* with the *Cowſlip* hourely dallyes;
Or to the groues, where birds from heate or weather,
Sit ſweetly tuning of their noates together;
Or to a Meade a wanton Riuer dreſſes
With richeſt *Collers* of her turning *Eſſes*;
Or where the Shepheards ſit olde ſtories telling.
*Chronos* my Syre hath no ſet place of dwelling;
But if the Shepheard meete the aged Swaine,
He tels him of his ſheepe or ſhewes them ſlaine.
So great a gift the ſacred Powers of heauen
(Aboue all others) to my Syre haue giuen,
That the abhorred Stratagems of night,
Lurking in cauernes from the glorious light,
By him (perforce) are from their dungeons hurl'd,
And ſhew'd as monſters to the wondring World.
VVhat Mariner is hee ſailing along
The watry Deſert clipping *Albion*,
Heares not the billowes in their daunces roare
Anſwer'd by *Ecchoes* from the neighbour ſhoare?
To whoſe accord the Maids trip from the Downes,
And Riuers dancing come, ycrown'd with Townes,
All ſinging forth the victories of *Time*,
Vpon the Monſters of the VVeſterne Clyme,

VVhoſe

Whoſe horrid, damned, bloudy, plots would bring
Confuſion on the Laureate Poets King.
Whoſe Hell-fed hearts deuis'd how neuer more
A *Swan* might ſinging ſit on *Iſis* ſhore:
But croaking *Rauens*, and the *Scrich-owles* crie,
The fit Muſitians for a *Tragedie*,
Should euermore be heard about her ſtrand,
To fright all Paſſengers from that ſad Land.
Long Summers dayes I one his worth might ſpend
And yet beginne againe when I would end:
All ages ſince the firſt age firſt begun,
Ere they could know his worth their age was done:
Whoſe abſence all the Treaſury of earth
Cannot buy out. From farre-fam'd *Tagus* birth,
Not all the golden grauell hee treades ouer,
One minute paſt, that minute can recouer.
I am his onely Childe (hee hath no other)
Cleep'd *Aletheia*, borne without a Mother.
Poore *Aletheia* long deſpis'd of all,
Scarce *Charitie* would lend an Hoſpitall
To giue my Months cold watching one nights reſt,
But in my roome tooke in the Miſers Cheſt.
In Winters time when hardly fed the flockes,
And Iſicles hung dangling on the Rockes;
When *Hyems* bound the Flouds in ſiluer chaines,
And hoary Froſts had candy'd all the Plaines;
When euery Barne rung with the threſhing Flailes,
And Shepheards Boyes for colde gan blow their nailes:
(Wearied with toyle in ſeeking out ſome one
That had a ſparke of true deuotion;)
It was my chance (chance onely helpeth neede)
To finde an houſe ybuilt for holy deede,
With goodly Architect, and Cloiſters wide,
With groues and walkes along a Riuers ſide;
The place it ſelfe afforded admiration,
And euery ſpray a Theame for Contemplation.
But (woe is me) when knocking at the gate,
I gan entreat an enterance thereat:
The Porter askt my name: I tolde; He ſwell'd,
And bad me thence: wherewith in griefe repell'd,

*Aletheia* ſeekes reliefe at an Abbey, and is denide.

I ſought for ſhelter to a ruin'd houſe,
Harb'ring the Weaſell, and the duſt-bred Mouſe;
And others none, except the two-kinde Bat,
Which all the day there melancholy ſate:
Here ſate I downe with winde and raine ybeate;
Griefe fed my minde, and did my body eate.
Yet *Idleneſſe* I ſaw (lam'd with the Gout)
Had entrance when poore *Truth* was kept without.
There ſaw I *Drunkenneſſe* with Dropſies ſwolne;
And pamper'd *Luſt* that many a night had ſtolne
Ouer the *Abbey*-wall when Gates were lock'd,
To be in *Venus* wanton boſome rock'd:
And *Gluttony* nigh dead with ſurfetting,
Knocke at the gate and ſtraight-way taken in.
Sadly I ſate, and ſighing grieu'd to ſee
Their happineſſe, my infelicitie.
At laſt came *Enuy* by, who hauing ſpide
Where I was ſadly ſeated, inward hide,
And to the *Conuent* egerly ſhee cryes,
Why ſit you here, when with theſe eares and eyes
I ſaw a ſtrumpet yonder dares to ſay,
Shee is the true faire *Aletheia*,
Which you haue boaſted long to liue among you,
Yet ſuffer now a peeuiſh Girle to wrong you?
With this prouok'd, all roſe, and in a rout
Ranne to the gate, ſtroue who ſhould firſt get out,
Bad me be gone, and then (in tearmes vnciuill)
Did call me counterfaite, witch, hagge, whore, diuell;
Then like a ſtrumpet droue me from their cels,
With tinckling pans, and with the noyce of bels.
And hee that lou'd me, or but moan'd my caſe,
Had heapes of fire-brands banded at his face:
Thus beaten thence (diſtreſt, forſaken wight)
Inforc'd in fields to ſleepe, or wake all night,
A ſeely ſheepe ſeeing me ſtraying by,
Forſooke the ſhrubbe where once ſhe meant to lie;
As if ſhe in her kinde (vnhurting elfe)
Did bid me take ſuch lodging as her ſelfe:
Gladly I tooke the place the ſheepe had giuen,
Vncanopy'd of any thing but heauen.

Where nigh benumb'd with cold, with griefe frequented,
Vnto the ſilent night I thus lamented:
Faire *Cynthia* if from thy ſiluer Throne,
Thou euer lentſt an eare to Virgins mone!
Or in thy Monthly courſe, one minute ſtaid
Thy Palfrayes trot, to heare a wretched Maid!
Pull in their reynes, and lend thine eare to mee,
Forlorne, forſaken, cloth'd in miſery:
But if a woe hath neuer wood thine eare,
To ſtop thoſe Courſers in their full careare;
But as ſtone-hearted men, vncharitable,
Paſſe careleſſe by the poore, when men leſſe able,
Hold not the needies helpe in long ſuſpence,
But in their hands poure their beneuolence.
O! if thou be ſo hard to ſtoppe thine eares!
When Stars in pitty droppe downe from their Spheares,
Yet for a while in gloomy vaile of night,
Inſhrowde the pale beames of thy borrowed light:
O! neuer once diſcourage goodneſſe (lending
One glimpſe of light) to ſee misfortune ſpending
Her vtmoſt rage on *Truth*, diſpiz'd diſtreſſed,
Vnhappy, vnrelieu'd, yet vnredreſſed.
Where is the heart at vertues ſuffring grieueth?
VVhere is the eye that pittying relieueth?
Where is the hand that ſtill the hungry feedeth?
Where is the eare that the decrepit ſteedeth?
That heart, that hand, that eare, or elſe that eye,
Giueth, relieueth, feedes, ſteedes miſery?
O Earth produce me one (of all thy ſtore)
Enioyes; and be vaine-glorious no more.
By this had *Chanticlere*, the village-clocke,
Bidden the good-wife for her Maides to knocke:
And the ſwart Plow-man for his Breakefaſt ſtaid,
That he might till thoſe lands were fallow laid:
The hils and vallies here and there reſound
With the re-ecchoes of the deepe-mouth'd Hound.
Each ſhepheards daughter with her cleanly Peale,
VVas come a field to milke the Mornings meale.
And ere the *Sunne* had clymb'd the Eaſterne hils,
To guild the muttring bournes, and pritty rils,

Before the lab'ring *Bee* had left the Hiue,
And nimble *Fishes* which in Riuers diue,
Beganne to leape, and catch the drowned Flye,
I rose from rest, not infelicitie.
Seeking the place of *Charities* resort,
Vnware I hapned on a Princes Court;
Where meeting *Greatnesse*, I requir'd reliefe,
(O happy vndelaid) shee said in briefe,
To small effect thine oratorie tends,
*How can I keepe thee and so many friends?*
If of my Housholde I should make thee one,
Farewell my Seruant *Adulation*:
I know shee will not stay when thou art there:
But seeke some Great mans seruice other-where.
Darknesse and light, Summer and Winters weather
May be at once, ere you two, liue together.
Thus with a nod she left me cloath'd in woe.
Thence to the Citie once I thought to goe,
But somewhat in my minde this thought had throwne,
*It was a place wherein I was not knowne.*
And therefore went vnto these homely Townes,
Sweetly enuiron'd with the dazied Downes.
Vpon a Streame washing a village end
A Mill was plac'd, that neuer difference kend
Twixt dayes for worke, and Holy-tydes for rest,
But alwayes wrought and ground the neighbours grest.
Before the dore I saw the *Miller* walking,
And other two (his neighbours) with him talking:
One of them was a *Weauer*, and the other
The Village *Tayler*, and his trusty Brother;
To them I came, and thus my sute began;
*Content*, the riches of a Country-man
Attend your actions; be more happy still,
Then I am hapless! and as yonder Mill,
Though in his turning it obey the streame,
Yet by the head-strong torrent from his beame
Is vnremoou'd, and till the wheele be tore,
It daily toyles; then rests, and workes no more:
So in lifes motion may ye neuer be
(Though swai'd with griefes) o'er-borne with miserie.

*Truth* entreates succour from a Miller, a Tailer and a Weauer.

With

With that the *Miller* laughing, bruſh'd his cloathes,
Then ſwore by Cocke and other dung-hill oathes,
I greatly was to blame, that durſt ſo wade
Into the knowledge of the Wheele-wrights trade.
I, neighbour, quoth the *Tailer* (then he bent
His pace to mee, ſpruce like a *Iacke of Lent*)
Your iudgement is not ſeame-rent when you ſpend it,
Nor is it botching, for I cannot mend it.
And Maiden, let me tell you in diſpleaſure,
You muſt not preſſe the cloath you cannot meaſure:
But let your ſteps be ſtitcht to wiſedomes chalking,
And caſt preſumptuous ſhreds out of your walking.
The *Weauer* ſaid; Fie wench, your ſelfe you wrong,
Thus to let ſlip the ſhuttle of your tongue:
For marke me well, yea, marke mee well, I ſay,
I ſee you worke your ſpeeches Web aſtray.
Sad to the Soule, o'er-laid with idle words,
O heauen quoth I where is the place affords
A friend to helpe, or any heart that ruth
The moſt deiected hopes of wronged *Truth!*
*Truth!* quoth the *Miller*, plainely for our parts,
I and the *Weauer* hate thee with our hearts:
The ſtrifes you raiſe I will not now diſcuſſe,
Betweene our honeſt Cuſtomers and vs:
But get you gone, for ſure you may deſpaire
Of comfort here, ſeeke it ſome other-where.
Maide (quoth the *Tailer*) wee no ſuccour owe you,
For as I gheſſe here's none of vs doth know you:
Nor my remembrance any thought can ſeize
That I haue euer ſeene you in my dayes.
Seene you? nay, therein confident I am;
Nay, till this time I neuer heard your name,
Excepting once, and by this token chiefe,
My neighbour at that inſtant call'd me Theefe.
By this you ſee you are vnknowne among vs,
Wee cannot helpe you, though your ſtay may wrong vs.
Thus went I on, and further went in woe:
For as ſhrill ſounding *Fame*, that's neuer ſlow,
Growes in her going, and encreaſeth more,
Where ſhe is now, then where ſhe was before:

So

So *Griefe*, (that neuer healthy, euer ſicke,
That froward Scholler to *Arethmiticke*,
Who doth Deuiſion and Subſtraction flie,
And chiefly learnes to adde and multiply)
In longeſt iourneyes hath the ſtrongeſt ſtrength,
And is at hand, ſuppreſt, vnquail'd at length.

Deſcription of a ſolitarie vale.

Betweene two hils, the higheſt *Phœbus* ſees
Gallantly crown'd with large Skie-kiſſing trees,
Vnder whoſe ſhade the humble vallyes lay;
And *Wilde-Bores* from their dens their gamboles play:
There lay a grauel'd walke o'er-growne with greene,
Where neyther tract of man nor beaſt was ſeene.
And as the Plow-man when the land he tils,
Throwes vp the fruitfull earth in ridged hils,
Betweene whoſe *Cheuron* forme he leaues a balke;
So twixt thoſe hils had Nature fram'd this walke,
Not ouer darke, nor light, in angles bending,
And like the gliding of a Snake deſcending:
All huſht and ſilent as the mid of night:
No chatt'ring *Pie*, nor *Crow* appear'd in ſight;
Yet further in I heard the *Turtle-Doue*,
Singing ſad dirges on her lifeleſſe Loue,
Birds that compaſſion from the rockes could bring,
Had onely licenſe in that place to ſing;
Whoſe dolefull notes the melancholy *Cat*
Cloſe in a hollow tree ſate wond'ring at.
And Trees that on the hill-ſide comely grew,
When any little blaſt of *Æol'* blew,
Did nod their curled heads, as they would be
The Iudges to approue their melody.

Iuſt halfe the way this ſolitary Groue,
A Chriſtall Spring from eyther hill-ſide ſtroue,
Which of them firſt ſhould wooe the meeker ground,
And make the Pibbles daunce vnto their ſound.
But as when children hauing leaue to play,
And neere their Maſters eye ſport out the day,
(Beyond condition) in their childiſh toyes
Oft vexe their Tutor with too great a noyce,
And make him ſend ſome ſeruant out of dore,
To ceaſe their clamour, leaſt they play no more.

So

So when the prettie *Rill* a place eſpies,
Where with the Pibbles ſhe would wantonize;
And that her vpper ſtreame ſo much doth wrong her,
To driue her thence, and let her play no longer;
If ſhe with too loud muttr'ing ranne away,
As being much incens'd to leaue her play;
A weſterne milde, and prettie whiſpering gale,
Came dallying with the leaues along the dale,
And ſeem'd as with the water it did chide,
Becauſe it ranne ſo long vnpacifide:
Yea, and me thought it bad her leaue that coyle,
Or he would choake her vp with leaues and ſoile:
Whereat the riuelet in my minde did weepe,
And hurl'd her head into a ſilent deepe.
Now he that guides the Chariot of the *Sunne*,
Vpon th'*Eclipticke Circle* had ſo runne,
That his braſſe-hoof'd fire-breathing horſes wanne
The ſtately height of the *Meridian*:
And the day-lab'ring man (who all the morne
Had from the quarry with his Pick-axe torne
A large well ſquared ſtone, which he would cut
To ſerue his ſtile, or for ſome water-ſhut)
Seeing the *Sunne* preparing to decline,
Tooke out his Bagge, and ſate him downe to dine.
When by a ſliding, yet not ſteepe deſcent,
I gain'd a place, ne'er Poet did inuent
The like for ſorrow: not in all this Round
A fitter ſeate for paſſion can be found.
As when a dainty Fount, and Chriſtall Spring,
Is in his riſe by Rockes immured in,
And from the thirſty earth would be with-held,
Till to the Ceſterne toppe the waues haue ſwell'd:
But that a carefull *Hinde* the Well hath found,
As he walkes ſadly through his parched ground;
Whoſe patience ſuffring not his land to ſtay
Vntill the water o'er the Ceſterne play,
Hee gets a Picke-axe and with blowes ſo ſtout,
Digs on the Rocke, that all the groues about
Reſound his ſtrooke, and ſtill the rocke doth charge,
Till he hath made a hole both long and large,

Whereby

VVhereby the waters from their priſon runne,
To cloſe earths gaping wounds made by the *Sunne*:
So through theſe high rais'd hils, embracing round
This ſhady, ſad, and ſolitarie ground,
Some power (reſpecting one whoſe heauie mone
Requir'd a place to ſit and weepe alone)
Had cut a path, whereby the grieued wight
Might freely take the comfort of this Scyte:
About the edges of whoſe roundle forme,
In order grew ſuch Trees as doe adorne
The ſable hearſe, and ſad forſaken mate;
And Trees whoſe teares their loſſe commiſſerate.
Such are the *Cypreſſe*, and the weeping *Myrrhe*,
The dropping *Amber*, and the roſin'd *Fyrrhe*,
The bleeding *Vine*, the watry *Sicamour*,
And *Willough* for the forlorne Paramour;
In comely diſtance: vnderneath whoſe ſhade
Moſt neate in rudeneſſe *Nature* arbors made:
Some had a light; ſome ſo obſcure a ſeate,
Would entertaine a ſuff'rance ne'er ſo great:
Where grieued wights ſate (as I after found,
Whoſe heauie hearts the height of ſorrow crown'd)
Wailing in ſaddeſt tunes the doomes of Fate
On men by vertue cleeped fortunate.
The firſt Noate that I heard ſeem'd by the Song,
To be the ſighes of faire *Endymion*;
The ſubiect of whoſe mournefull heauy lay
Was his declining with faire *Cynthia*.
Next him a great man ſate, in woe no leſſe;
Teares were but barren ſhadowes to expreſſe
The ſubſtance of his griefe, and therefore ſtood
Diſtilling from his heart red ſtreames of blood:
Hee was a Swaine whom all the *Graces* kiſt,
A braue, heroicke, worthy *Martialiſt*:
Yet on the Downes hee oftentimes was ſeene
To draw the merry Maidens of the Greene
With his ſweet voyce: Once, as hee ſate alone,
Hee ſung the outrage of the lazy *Drone*,
Vpon the lab'ring *Bee*, in ſtraines ſo rare,
That all the flitting Pinnioniſts of ayre

Attentiue

Attentiue ſate, and in their kindes did long
To learne ſome Noate from his well-timed Song.
Exiled *Naſo* (from whoſe golden pen
The *Muſes* did diſtill delights for men)
Thus ſang of *Cephalus* (whoſe name was worne
Within the boſome of the bluſhing *Morne*:)
He had a dart was neuer ſet on wing,
But death flew with it: hee could neuer fling,
But life fled from the place where ſtucke the head.
A Hunters frolicke life in Woods he lead
In ſeparation from his yoaked Mate,
Whoſe beauty, once, hee valued at a rate
Beyond *Aurora's* cheeke, when ſhee (in pride)
Promiſt their off-ſpring ſhould be Deifide:
*Procris* ſhee hight; who (ſeeking to reſtore
Her ſelfe that happineſſe ſhee had before)
Vnto the greene wood wends, omits no paine
Might bring her to her Lords embrace againe:
But *Fate* thus croſt her, comming where hee lay
VVearied with hunting all a Summers day,
Hee ſome-what heard within the thicket ruſh,
And deeming it ſome Beaſt, hid in a buſh,
Raiſed himſelfe, then ſet on wing a dart,
Which tooke a ſad reſt in the reſtleſſe hart
Of his chaſte Wife; who with a bleeding breſt
Left loue and life, and ſlept in endleſſe reſt.
With *Procris* heauie Fate this ſhepheards wrong
Might iuſtly vndertake compariſon.
In th' *Autumne* of his youth, and man-hoods *Spring*,
*Deſert* (growne now a moſt deiected thing)
Woone him the fauour of a *Royall Maide*,
Who with *Diana's* Nymphes in Forreſts ſtraide,
And liu'd a Huntreſſe life exempt from feare.
Shee once encounter'd with a ſurly *Beare*,
Neare to a Chriſtall Fountaines flowry brinke,
Heate brought them thither both, and both would drinke,
When from her golden Quiuer ſhe tooke forth
A *Dart*, aboue the reſt eſteem'd for worth,
And ſent it to his ſide: the gaping wound
Gaue purple ſtreames to coole the parched ground,

Whereat hee gnaſht his teeth, ſtorm'd his hurt lym,
Yeelded the earth what it denyed him:
Yet ſunke not there, but (wrapt in horror) hy'd
Vnto his helliſh caue, deſpair'd and dy'd.
After the *Beares* iuſt death, the quickning Sunne
Had twice ſixe times about the *Zodiacke* run,
And (as reſpectleſſe) neuer caſt an eye,
Vpon the night-inuail'd *Cymmerij*,
When this braue Swaine, approued valerous,
In oppoſition, of a tyrannous
and bloudy *Sauage* being abſent long,
Quelling his rage with faithleſſe *Gerion*,
Returned from the ſtratagems of warres,
(Inriched with his quail'd foes bootleſſe ſcarres)
To ſee the cleare eyes of his deareſt Loue,
And that her skill in hearbs might help remoue
The feſtring of a wound which he had got
In her defence, by *Enuies* poyſon'd ſhot,
And comming through a Groue wherein his faire
Lay with her breſts diſplai'd to take the ayre,
His ruſhing through the boughes made her ariſe,
And dreading ſome wilde beaſts rude enterprize,
Directs towards the noyſe a ſharpned dart,
That reach'd the life of his vndaunted heart,
Which when ſhe knew, twice twentie Moones nie ſpent
In teares for him, and dy'd in languiſhment.
Within an arbour ſhadow'd with a Vine,
Mixed with *Roſemary* and *Eglantine*,
A Shepheardeſſe was ſet, as faire as young,
Whoſe praiſe full many a ſhepheard whilome ſung,
Who on an Altar faire had to her Name,
In conſecration many an *Anagram*:
And when with ſugred ſtraines they ſtroue to raiſe
*Worth*, to a garlond of immortall *Bayes*;
Shee as the learnedſt Maide was choſe by them,
(He flaxen haire crown'd with an *Anadem*)
To iudge who beſt deſeru'd, for ſhe could fit
The height of praiſe vnto the height of wit.
But well-a-day thoſe happy times were gone,
(Millions admit a ſmall ſubſtraction)

And

And as the *Yeere* hath firſt his iocund *Spring*,
Wherein the Leaues, to Birds ſweet carrolling,
Daunce with the winde: then ſees, the *Summers* day
Perfect the Embrion Bloſſome of each ſpray:
Next commeth *Autumne*, when the threſhed ſheafe
Looſeth his graine, and euery tree his leafe:
Laſtly, colde *Winters* rage, with many a ſtorme,
Threats the proud *Pines* which *Ida's* toppe adorne,
And makes the ſappe leaue ſuccourleſſe the ſhoote,
Shrinking to comfort his decaying roote.
Or as a quaint *Muſitian* in his Song,
Running a point of ſweet Diuiſion,
Gets by degrees vnto the higheſt *Key*;
Then, with like order falleth in his play
Into a deeper Tone; and laſtly, throwes
His Period in a *Diapazon* Cloſe:
So euery humane thing terreſtriall,
His vtmoſt height attain'd, bends to his fall.
And as a comely Youth, in faireſt age,
Enamour'd on a Maide (whoſe parentage
Had *Fate* adorn'd, as *Nature* deckt her eye,
Might at a becke command a Monarchie)
But poore and faire could neuer yet bewitch
A miſers minde, preferring foule and rich,
And therefore (as a Kings heart left behinde,
When as his corps are borne to be enſhrin'd)
(His Parents will, a Law) like that dead corſe,
Leauing his heart, is brought vnto his Horſe,
Carryed vnto a place that can impart
No ſecret Embaſſie vnto his hart,
Climes ſome proud hill, whoſe ſtately eminence
Vaſſals the fruitfull vales circumference:
From whence, no ſooner can his lights deſcry
The place enriched by his *Miſtreſſe* eye:
But ſome thicke cloud his happy proſpect blends,
And hee in ſorrow rais'd, in teares deſcends:
So this ſad Nymph (whom all commiſſerate)
Once pac'd the hill of *Greatneſſe* and of *State*;
And got the toppe, but when ſhee gan adreſſe
Her ſight, from thence to ſee true happineſſe,

Fate interpos'd an enuious cloud of feares,
And ſhee with-drew into this vale of teares,
Where *Sorrow* ſo enthral'd beſt *Vertues* Iewell,
Stones check'd griefes hardneſſe, call'd her too-too cruell,
A ſtreame of teares vpon her faire cheekes flowes,
As morning dewe vpon the Damaske-Roſe,
Or Chriſtall-glaſſe vailing Vermilion;
Or drops of Milke on the Carnation:
She ſang and wept (ô yee Sea binding Cleeues,
Yeeld Tributary drops, for *Vertue* grieues!)
And to the Period of her ſad ſweet Key
Intwinn'd her caſe with chaſte *Penelope*:
But ſee the driſling *South*, my mournfull ſtraine
Anſweres, in weeping drops of quickning raine
And ſince this day wee can no further goe,
Reſtleſſe I reſt within this *Vale of Woe*,
Vntill the modeſt morne on earths vaſt *Zone*
The euer gladſome day ſhall re-inthrone.

*The*

## The fift Song.

THE ARGVMENT.

*In Notes that rockes to pittie moue,*
Idya *ſings her buried Loue:*
*And from her* horne of plentie *giues*
*Comfort to* Truth, *whom none relieues.*
Repentance *houſe next claimes my Song,*
*With* Riots *true conuerſion:*
*And leaues* Amintas *Loue to* Truth,
*To be the Theame the* Muſe *enſu'th.*

HEre full of *Aprill*, vail'd with ſorrowes wing,
For louely Layes, I dreary Dirges ſing.
Who ſo hath ſeene young Lads (to ſport themſelues)
Runne in a low ebbe to the ſandy ſhelues:
Where ſeriouſly they worke in digging Wels,
Or building childiſh forts of Cockle-ſhels:
Or liquid water each to other bandy;
Or with the Pibbles play at handy-dandy,
Till vnawares the Tyde hath clos'd them round,
And they muſt wade it through or elſe be drown'd:
May (if vnto my Pipe he liſten well)
My *Muſe* diſtreſſe with theirs ſoone paralell.

For

For where I whilome ſung the loues of Swaines,
And woo'd the Chriſtall Currents of the Plaines,
Teaching the Birds to loue, whilſt euery Tree
Gaue his attention to my Melodie:
*Fate* now (as enuying my too-happy Theame)
Hath round begirt my Song with Sorrowes ſtreame,
Which till my Muſe wade through and get on ſhore,
My griefe-ſwolne Soule can ſing of Loue no more.
But turne we now (yet not without remorſe)
To heauenly *Aletheias* ſad diſcourſe,
That did from *Fida's* eyes ſalt teares exhale,
When thus ſhe ſhew'd the *Solitary Vale.*
Iuſt in the midſt this ioy-forſaken ground
A hillocke ſtoode, with Springs embraced round:
(And with a Chriſtall Ring did ſeeme to marry
Themſelues, to this ſmall Ile ſad-ſolitarie:)
Vpon whoſe breſt (which trembled as it ranne)
Rode the faire downie-ſiluer-coated *Swan:*
And on the Banckes each *Cypreſſe* bow'd his head,
To heare the *Swan* ſing her owne * *Epiced.*
As when the gallant youth which liue vpon
The Weſterne Downes of louely *Albion*;
Meeting, ſome feſtiuall to ſolemnize,
Chooſe out two, skill'd in wraſtling exerciſe,
Who ſtrongly, at the wriſt or coller cling,
Whilſt arme in arme the people hem them in:
So did the water round this Ile inlincke,
And ſo the Trees grew on the waters brincke:
Waters their ſtreames about the Iland ſcatter;
And Trees perform'd as much vnto the water:
Vnder whoſe ſhade the *Nightingale* would bring
Her chirping young, and teach them how to ſing.
The woods moſt ſad Muſitians thither throng,
As it had beene the *Siluans Helicon,*
And warbled forth, ſuch *Elegyacke* ſtraines,
That ſtrucke the windes dumbe; and the motly plaines
Were fill'd with enuy, that ſuch ſhady places
Held all the worlds delights in their imbraces.
O how (me thinkes) the impes of *Mneme* bring
Dewes of Inuention from their ſacred Spring!

* A Funerall Song before the corpes be interred.

Here

Here could I ſpend that ſpring of *Poeſie*,
Which not *twice tenne Sunnes* hath beſtow'd on mee;
And tell the VVorld, the *Muſes* loue appeares
In nonag'd youth, as in the length of yeares.
But ere my *Muſe* erected haue the frame,
Wherein t'enſhrine an vnknowne Shepheards name,
She many a Groue, and other VVoods muſt treade,
More Hils, more Dales, more Founts muſt be diſplaid,
More Meadowes, Rockes, and from them all elect
Matter befitting ſuch an Architect.
As Children on a play-day leaue the Schooles,
And gladly runne vnto the ſwimming Pooles,
Or in the thickets, all with Nettles ſtung,
Ruſh to diſpoile ſome ſweet *Thruſh* of her young;
Or with their hats (for fiſh) lade in a Brooke
VVithouten paine: but when the *Morne* doth looke
Out of the *Eaſterne gates*, a Snayle would faſter,
Glide to the Schooles, then they vnto their Maſter:
So when before I ſung the Songs of Birds,
(Whilſt euery moment ſweetned lines affords)
I pip'd deuoide of paine, but now I come
Vnto my taske my *Muſe* is ſtricken dumbe.
My blubbring pen her ſable teares lets fall,
In Characters right *Hyrogliphicall*,
And mixing with my teares are ready turning
My late white paper to a weede of mourning;
Or Incke and Paper ſtriue how to impart,
My words, the weedes they wore, within my heart:
Or elſe the blots vnwilling are my rimes
And their ſad cauſe ſhould liue to after-times;
Fearing if men their ſubiect ſhould deſcry,
They forth-with would diſſolue in teares and dye.
Vpon the *Ilands* craggy-riſing hill,
A *Quadrant* ranne, wherein by Artleſſe skill,
At euery corner *Nature* did erect
A Columne rude, yet voyde of all defect:
VVhereon a Marble lay. The thicke-growne *Bryer*,
And prickled *Hawthorne* (wouen all entyre)
Together clung, and barr'd the gladſome light
From any enterance, fitting onely night.

No

No way to it but one, steepe and obscure,
The staires of rugged stone, seldome in vre,
All ouer-growne with Mosse, as *Nature* sate
To entertaine *Griefe* with a *cloath of State.*
Hardly vnto the toppe I had ascended,
But that the Trees (siding the steps) befriended
My weary limbes, who bowing downe their armes,
Gaue hold vnto my hands to scape from harmes:
Which euermore are ready, still present
Our feet, in climbing places eminent.
Before the doore (to hinder *Phœbus* view)
A shady *Boxe-tree* grasped with an *Yewgh*,
As in the place behalfe they menac'd warre
Against the radyance of each sparkling Starre.
And on their barkes (which *Time* had nigh deprau'd)
These lines (it seem'd) had beene of old engrau'd.
*This place was fram'd of yore, to be possest*
*By one which sometime* HATH BEENE HAPPIEST.
Louely *Idya* the most beautious
Of all the darlings of *Oceanus.*
*Hesperians* enuy and the VVesterne pride,
VVhose party-coloured garment *Nature* dy'd
In more eye-pleasing hewes, with richer graine,
Then *Iris* bow attending *Aprils* raine.
VVhose Lilly white, inst'aded with the Rose
Had that man seene, who sung th'*Eneidos*,
*Dido* had in obliuion slept, and shee
Had giuen his *Muse* her best eternitie.
Had braue *Atrides* (who did erst imploy
His force to mixe his dead with those of *Troy*)
Beene proffer'd for truce her fained peece
*Hellen* had staid, and shee had gone to *Greece*:
The *Phrigian* soyle had not beene drunke with bloud,
*Achilles* longer breath'd, and *Troy* yet stood:
*The Prince of Poets* had not sung his storie,
*My Friend* had lost his euer liuing glory.
But as a snowy *Swan*, who many a day
On *Thamar's* swelling breasts hath had his play,
For further pleasure doth assay to swimme
My natiue *Tauy*, or the sandy *Plim*:

And on the panting billowes brauely rides,
Whilſt Country-laſſes walking on the ſides,
Admire her beautie, and with clapping hands,
W'ould force her leaue the ſtreame, and tread the ſands;
When ſhee regardleſſe ſwimmes to th'other edge,
Vntill an enuious Bryer, or tangling Sedge
Diſpoiles her Plumes; or elſe a ſharpned Beame
Pierceth her breaſt, and on the bloudy ſtreame
Shee pants for life: So whilome rode this Maide
On ſtreames of worldly bliſſe, more rich arraid,
With Earths delight, then *thought* could put in vre,
To glut the ſenſes of an *Epicure*.
Whilſt neighb'ring Kings vpon their frontires ſtood,
And offer'd for her dowre huge Seas of blood:
And periur'd *Gerion* to winne her, rent
The *Indian* Rockes for gold, and bootleſſe ſpent
Almoſt his patrimonie for her ſake
Yet nothing like reſpected as the *Drake*,
That skowr'd her Channels, and deſtroid the weede,
Which ſpoil'd her fiſhers nets, and fiſhes breede.
At laſt her trueſt loue ſhee threw vpon
A *royall Youth*, whoſe like, whoſe *Paragon*
Heauen neuer lent the Earth: ſo great a ſpirit
The World could not containe, nor Kingdomes merit:
And therefore *Ioue* did with the Saints inthroane him,
And left his *Lady* nought but teares to moane him.
Within this place (as wofull as my Verſe)
Shee with her Chriſtall founts bedew'd his Herſe,
Invailed with a ſable weede ſhee ſate,
Singing this Song which Stones diſſolued at:

*VVHat time the world clad in a mourning robe,*
*A Stage made for a wofull Tragedie:*
*When ſhowers of teares from the Cœleſtiall Globe*
*Bewail'd the fate of Sea-low'd* Brittanie;
*When ſighes as frequent were as various ſights,*
*When* Hope *lay bed-rid, and all pleaſures dying,*
*When* Enuy *wept,*
*And* Comfort *ſlept:*
*When* Crueltie *it ſelfe ſate almoſt crying,*
*Nought being heard but what the minde affrights,*

*When* Autumne *had diſrob'd the* Summers *pride,*
*Then* Englands *honour,* Europes *wonder dy'd.*

*O ſaddeſt ſtraine that e'er the* Muſes *ſung!*
*A text of Woe for Griefe to comment on;*
*Teares, ſighes, and ſobs giue paſſage to my tongue,*
*Or I ſhall ſpend you till the laſt is gone.*
*Which done, my heart in flames of burning loue*
*(Wanting his moiſture) ſhall to cynders turne:*
*But firſt, by me*
*Bequeated be*
*To ſtrew the place wherein his ſacred* Vrne
*Shall be incloſ'd, this might in many moue*
*The like effect: (who would not doe it?) when*
*No graue befits him but the hearts of men.*

*That man, whoſe maſſe of ſorrowes hath beene ſuch,*
*That by their waight, laid on each ſeuerall part,*
*His fountaines are ſo dry, he but as much*
*As one poore drop hath left to eaſe his heart;*
*Why ſhould he keepe it? ſince the time doth call,*
*That he ne'er better can beſtow it in:*
*If ſo he feares*
*That others teares*
*In greater number, greateſt prizes winne;*
*Know none gines more then he which giueth all.*
*Then he which hath but one poore* teare *in ſtore,*
*O let him ſpend that* drop, *and weepe no more.*

*Why ſlowes not* Helicon *beyond her ſtrands?*
*Is* HENRY *dead, and doe the* Muſes *ſleepe?*
*Alas! I ſee each one amazed ſtands,*
" Shallow foords mutter, ſilent are the deepe:
*Faine would they tell their griefes, but know not where:*
*All are ſo full, nought can augment their ſtore:*
*Then how ſhould they*
*Their griefes diſplay*
*To men, ſo cloyde, they faine would heare no more?*
*Though blaming thoſe whoſe plaints they cannot heare:*
*And with this wiſh, their paſſions I allow,*
*May that* Muſe *neuer ſpeake that's ſilent now!*

*Is*

*Is* HENRY *dead? alas! and doe I liue*
*To sing a* Scrich-owles *Noate that he is dead?*
*If any one a fitter Theame can giue,*
*Come giue it now, or neuer to be read.*
*But let him see it doe of horror taste,*
*Anguish, destruction: could it rend in sunder*
*With fearefull grones*
*The senceless stones,*
*Yet should wee hardly be enforced to wonder,*
*Our former griefes would so exceed their last:*
*Time cannot make our sorrowes ought compleater;*
*Nor adde one griefe to make our mourning greater.*

England *was neer ingirt with waues till now;*
*Till now it held part with the* Continent:
*Aye me! some one in pittie shew me, how*
*I might in doleful numbers so lament;*
*That any one which lou'd him, hated me,*
*Might dearely loue me, for lamenting him.*
*Alas! my plaint*
*In such constraint*
*Breakes forth in rage, that though my passions swimme,*
*Yet are they drowned e'er they landed be:*
*Imperfect lines! O happy! were I hurld*
*And cut from life as* England *from the world.*

*O happier had we beene! if wee had beene*
*Neuer made happy by enioying thee!*
*VVhere hath the glorious Eye of Heauen seene*
*A spectacle of greater misery?*
*Time turne thy course; and bring againe the Spring;*
*Breakes Natures lawes; search the records of old,*
*If ought befell*
*Might paralell*
*Sad* Britaine's *case: weepe Rockes, and Heauen behold,*
*VVhat Seas of sorrow shee is plunged in.*
*VVhere stormes of woe so mainely haue beset her;*
*She hath no place for worse, nor hope for better.*

Britaine *was whilome knowne (by more then fame)*
*To be one of the Ilands fortunate;*

*What franticke man would giue her now that name,*
*Lying ſo rufull and diſconſolate?*
*Hath not her watry* Zone *in murmuring,*
*Fill'd euery ſhoare with* Ecchoes *of her cry?*
*Yes,* Thetis *raues,*
*And bids her waues*
*Bring all the* Nymphes *within her Emperie*
*To be aßiſtant in her ſorrowing:*
*See where they ſadly ſit on* Iſis *ſhore*
*And rend their haires as they would ioy no more.*

Iſis *the glory of the VVeſterne world,*
*VVhen our* Heroë (*honour'd* Essex) *dy'd,*
*Strucken with wonder, backe againe ſhe hurld,*
*And fill'd her banckes with an vnwonted Tyde;*
*As if ſhe ſtood in doubt, if it were ſo,*
*And for the certainetie had turn'd her way.*
*VVhy doe not now*
*Her waues reflow?*
*Poore* Nymph, *her ſorrowes will not let her ſtay;*
*Or ſlyes to tell the world her Countries woe;*
*Or cares not to come backe, perhaps, as ſhowing*
*Our teares ſhould make the floud, not her reflowing.*

*Sometime a Tyrant held the reynes of* Rome,
*VViſhing to all the Citie but one head,*
*That all* at once *might vndergoe his doome,*
*And by* one blow *from life be ſeuered.*
*Fate wiſht the like on* England, *and it was giuen;*
(*O miſerable men, enthral'd to Fate!*)
*VVhoſe heauy hand*
*That neuer ſcand*
*The miſery of Kingdomes ruinate;*
*Minding to leaue her of all ioyes bereauen,*
*VVith one ſad blow* (*Alas! can worſer fall!*)
*Hath giuen this little Ile her Funerall.*

*O come ye bleſſed Impes of* Memorie,
*Erect a new* Parnaſſus *on his graue!*
*There tune your voyces to an* Elegie,
*The ſaddeſt Noate that ere* Apollo *gaue.*

*Let*

*Let euery Accent make the ſtander by*
*Keepe time vnto your Song with dropping teares,*
*Till drops that fell*
*Haue made a VVell*
*To ſwallow him which ſtill vnmoued heares:*
*And though my ſelfe proue ſenceleſſe of your cry,*
*Yet gladly ſhould my light of life grow dim,*
*To be entomb'd in teares are wept for him.*

*VVhen laſt he ſickned, then we firſt began*
*To tread the* Laborinth *of* Woe *about:*
*And by degrees we further inward ran,*
*Hauing his* thread *of life to guide vs out.*
*But* Deſtinie *no ſooner ſaw vs enter*
*Sad* Sorrowes Maze, *immured vp in night,*
*(VVhere nothing dwels*
*But cryes and yels*
*Throwne from the hearts of men depriu'd of light,)*
*VVhen we were almoſt come into the* Center,
Fate *(cruelly) to barre our ioyes returning,*
*Cut off our* Thread, *and left vs all in* mourning.

If you haue ſeene at foote of ſome braue hill,
Two Springs ariſe, and delicately trill,
In gentle chidings through an humble dale,
(Where tuſty Daizies nod at euery gale)
And on the banckes a Swaine (with *Lawrell* crown'd)
Marrying his ſweet Notes with their ſiluer ſound:
When as the ſpongy clouds ſwolne bigge with water
Throw their conception on the worlds *Theater:*
Downe from the hils the rained waters roare,
Whilſt euery leaſe drops to augment her ſtore:
Grumbling the ſtones fall o'er each others backe,
Rending the greene turfes with their * *Cataract*,
And through the Meadowes runne with ſuch a noyſe,
That taking from the Swaine the fountaines voyce,
Inforce him leaue their margent, and alone
Couple his baſe Pipe with their baſer *Tone.*
Know (Shepheardeſſe) that ſo I lent an eare
To thoſe ſad wights whoſe plaints I told whileare:

*A fall of waters from a very high place.

*Aletheia* to *Fida.*

But

But when this goodly Lady gan addreſſe
Her heau'nly voyce to ſweeten heauineſſe,
It drown'd the reſt, as Torrents little Springs;
And ſtrucken mute at her great ſorrowings,
Lay ſtill and wondred at her pitious mone,
Wept at her griefes, and did forget their owne,
VVhilſt I attentiue ſate, and did impart
Teares when they wanted drops, and from a hart,
As hie in ſorrow as e'er creature wore,
Lent thrilling groanes to ſuch as had no more.
Had wiſe *Vlyſſes* (who regardleſſe ſlung
Along the *Ocean* when the *Syrens* ſung)
Paſs'd by and ſeene her on the ſea-torne eleeues,
Waile her loſt Loue (while *Neptunes* watry Theeues
Durſt not approach for Rockes:) to ſee her face
Hee would haue hazarded his *Grecian* race,
Thruſt head-long to the ſhoare, and to her eyes
Offer'd his Veſſell as a Sacrifice.
Or had the *Syrens* on a neighbour ſhore
Heard in what raping Noates ſhee did deplore
Her buryed *Glory*, they had left their ſhelues,
And to come neere her would haue drown'd themſelues.

*Alstheia* commeth to *Idya*.

Now ſilence lock'd the organs of that voyce;
Whereat each merry *Siluan* wont reioyce,
When with a bended knee to her I came,
And did impart my griefe and hated name:
But firſt a pardon begg'd, if that my cauſe
So much conſtrain'd me as to breake the Lawes
Of her wiſh'd ſequeſtration, or ask'd Bread
(To ſaue a life) from her, whoſe life was dead:
But lawleſſe famine, ſelfe-conſuming hunger,
Alas! compell'd mee: had I ſtayed longer
My weakned limmes had beene my wants forc'd meede,
And I had fed, on that I could not feede.
When ſhee (compaſſionate) to my ſad mone
Did lend a ſigh, and ſtole it from her owne;
And (wofull Lady wrackt on hapleſſe ſhelfe)
Yeelded me comfort, yet had none her ſelfe:
Told how ſhee knew mee well ſince I had beene,
As chiefeſt conſort of the *Faiery Queene*;

O happy *Queene!* for euer, euer, praiſe
Dwell on thy Tombe; the period of all dayes
Onely ſeale vp thy fame; and as thy *Birth*
Inrich'd thy *Temples* on the fading earth,
So haue thy *Vertues* crown'd thy bleſſed ſoule,
Where the *firſt Mouer* with his words controule;
As with a girdle the huge *Ocean* bindes;
Gathers into his fiſt the nimble Windes;
Stops the bright Courſer in his hot careere;
Commands the *Moone* twelue courſes in a yeere:
Liue thou with him in endleſſe bliſſe; while wee
Admire all Vertues in admiring thee.
Thou, thou, the fautreſſe of the learned *VVell;*
Thou nurſing Mother of *Gods Iſrael;*
Thou, for whoſe louing *Truth*, the Heauen raynes
Sweet *Mel* and *Manna* on our flowry Plaines;
Thou, by whoſe hand the ſacred *Trine* did bring
Vs out of bonds, from bloudy *Bonnering*.
Yee ſuckling Babes, for euer bleſſe that Name
Releas'd your burning in your Mothers flame!
Thrice bleſſed Maiden, by whoſe hand was giuen
Free libertie to taſte the foode of Heauen.
Neuer forget her (*Albions* louely Daughters)
VVhich led you to the Springs of liuing VVaters!
And if my *Muſe* her glory faile to ſing,
May to my mouth my tongue for euer clinge!
Herewith (at hand) taking her *Horne of Plentie*
Fill'd with the choiſe of euery Orchards daintie,
As *Peares*, *Plums*, *Aples*, the ſweet *Raſpis-berry;*
The *Quince*, the *Apricock*, the bluſhing *Cherry;*
The *Mulberry* (his blacke from *Thisbe* taking)
The cluſter'd *Filberd*, *Grapes* oft merry-making.
(This fruitfull Horne th'immortall Ladyes fill'd
With all the pleaſures that rough Forreſts yeeld,
And gaue IDYA, with a further bleſſing,
That thence (as from a Garden) without dreſſing,
Shee theſe ſhould euer haue; and neuer want
Store, from an Orchard without Tree or Plant.)
VVith a right willing hand ſhe gaue mee, hence,
The Stomackes comforter, the pleaſing *Quince;*

*Idya* cheriſheth *Aletheia.*

And

And for the chiefeſt cheriſher ſhe lent
The *Royall Thiſtles* milkie nouriſhment.
Here ſtaid I long: but when to ſee *Aurora*
Kiſſe the perfumed cheekes of dainty *Flora*,
VVithout the vale I trode one louely Morne,
VVith true intention of a quicke returne,
An vnexpected chance ſtroue to deferre
My going backe, and all the loue of her.
But Mayden ſee the day is waxen olde,
And gins to ſhut vp with the *Marigold*:
The *Neat-heards* Kine doe bellow in the yards
And *Dairy Maidens* for their milke prepar'd,
Are drawing at the *Vdder*, long ere now
The Plow-man hath vnyoak'd his Teame from plow:
My transformation to a fearefull *Hinde*
Shall to vnfolde a fitter ſeaſon finde;
Meane while yond *Palace*, whoſe braue Turrets tops,
Ouer the ſtately VVood ſuruaye the cops,
Promis'th (if ſought) a wiſhed place of reſt,
Till *Sol* our *Hemiſphere* haue repoſſeſt.
Now muſt my *Muſe* afford a ſtraine to *Riot*,
Who almoſt kill'd with his luxurious dyet,
Lay eating graſſe (as dogges) within a VVood,
So to diſgorge the vndiſgeſted food:
By whom faire *Aletheia* paſt along
VVith *Fida* Queene of euery ſhepheards Song
Of them vnſeene (for he ſecurely lay
Vnder the thicke of many a leaued ſpray)
But through the leuell'd Meadowes gently threw
Their neateſt feet, waſht with refreſhing dewe,
Where hee durſt not approach, but on the edge
Of th'hilly wood, in couert of a hedge,
Went onward with them, trode with them in paces,
And farre off much admir'd their formes and graces.
Into the Plaines at laſt hee head-long ventur'd:
But they the hill had got and Palace enter'd.
When as a valiant well reſolued man
Seeking new paths i'th' pathleſſe *Ocean*,
Vnto the ſhores of monſter breeding *Nyle*;
Or through the North to the vnpeopled *Thyle*,

Where

Where from the *Equinoctiall* of the *Spring*,
To that of *Autumne*, *Titans golden Ring*
Is neuer off; and till the *Spring* againe
In gloomy darkneſſe all the ſhoares remaine.
Or if hee furrow vp the brynie Sea,
To caſt his Ancors in the frozen bay
Of woody *Norway*; (who hath euer fed
Her people more with ſcaly fiſh then bread)
Though ratling mounts of Ice thruſt at his Helme,
And by their fall ſtill threaten to o'er-whelme
His little Veſſell: and though *Winter* throw
(What *age* ſhould) on their heads white caps of Snow;
Striues to congeale his bloud; hee cares not for't,
But arm'd in minde, gets his intended port.
So *Ryot*, though full many doubts ariſe,
Whoſe vnknowne ends might graſpe his enterpriſe,
Climbes towards the Palace, and with gate demure,
With hanging head, a voyce as faining pure,
With torne and ragged coate, his hairy legs
Bloudy, as ſcratch'd with Bryers, he entrance begs.
*Remembrance* ſate as Portreſſe of this gate:
A Lady alwayes muſing as ſhe ſate,
Except when ſometime ſuddainely ſhee roſe,
And with a backe bent eye, at length, ſhee throwes
Her hands to heauen: and in a wondring guize,
Star'd on each obiect with her fixed eyes:
As ſome way-faring man paſſing a wood,
(Whoſe wauing top hath long a Sea-marke ſtood)
Goes iogging on, and in his minde nought hath,
But how the *Primroſe* finely ſtrew the path,
Or ſweeteſt *Violets* lay downe their heads
At ſome trees roote on moſſie feather-beds,
Vntill his heele receiues an Adders ſting,
Whereat hee ſtarts, and backe his head doth fling.
She neuer mark'd the ſute he did preferre,
But (careleſſe) let him paſſe along by her.
So on hee went into a ſpatious court,
All trodden bare with multitudes reſort:
At th'end whereof a ſecond gate appeares,
The Fabricke ſhew'd full many thouſand yeares:

Whoſe Poſterne-key that time a Lady kept,
Her eyes all ſwolne as if ſhee ſeldome ſlept;
And would by fits her golden treſſes teare,
And ſtriue to ſtop her breath with her owne haire:
Her lilly hand (not to be lik'd by Art)
A paire of Pincers held; wherewith her heart
Was hardly graſped, while the piled ſtones
Re-ecchoed her lamentable grones.
Here at this gate the cuſtome long had bin
When any ſought to be admitted in,
*Remorce* thus vs'd them, ere they had the keye,
And all theſe torments felt, paſs'd on their way.
When *Riot* came, the Ladies paines nigh done,
She paſt the gate; and then *Remorce* begunne
To fetter *Riot* in ſtrong iron chaines;
And doubting much his patience in the paines:
As when a *Smith* and's Man (lame *Vulcans* fellowes)
Call'd from the *Anuile* or the puffing *Bellowes*,
To clappe a well-wrought ſhooe (for more then pay)
Vpon a ſtubborne Nagge of *Galloway*;
Or vnback'd *Iennet*, or a *Flaunders* Mare,
That at the Forge ſtand ſnuffing of the ayre;
The ſwarty *Smith* ſpits in his Buckehorne fiſt,
And bids his Man bring out the fiue-fold twiſt,
His ſhackles, ſhacklockes, hampers, gyues and chaines,
His linked bolts; and with no little paines
Theſe make him faſt: and leaſt all theſe ſhould faulter,
Vnto a poſte with ſome ſixe-doubled halter
He bindes his head; yet all are of the leaſt
To curbe the fury of the head-ſtrong beaſt.
VVhen if a Carriers lade be brought vnto him,
His man can holde his foote whilſt he can ſhoe him.
*Remorce* was ſo inforc'd to binde him ſtronger,
Becauſe his faults requir'd inflict̃ion longer
Then any ſinne-preſt wight which many a day
Since *Iudas* hung himſelfe had paſt that way.
VVhen all the cruell torments he had borne,
Galled with chaines, and on the racke nigh torne,
Pinching with glowing pincers his owne heart;
All lame and reſtleſſe, full of wounds and ſmart,

He

Hee to the Poſterne creepes, ſo inward hyes,
And from the gate a two-fold path deſcryes:
One leading vp a hill, *Repentance* way;
And as more worthy, on the right hand lay:
The other head-long, ſteepe, and lik'ned well,
Vnto the path which tendeth downe to hell:
All ſteps that thither went ſhew'd no returning,
The port to paines, and to eternall mourning;
VVhere certaine *Death* liu'd, in an Ebon chaire
The ſoules blacke homicide meager *Deſpaire*
Had his abode: there 'gainſt the craggy rockes
Some daſht their braines out, with relentleſſe knockes,
Others on trees (ô moſt accurſed elues)
Are faſtning knots, ſo to vndoe themſelues.
Here one in ſinne not daring to appeare
At Mercies ſeate with one repentant teare,
Within his breſt was launcing of an eye,
That vnto God it might for vengeance cry:
There from a Rocke a wretch but newly fell,
All torne in pieces, to goe whole to Hell.
Here with a ſleepie Potion one thinkes fit
To graſpe with death, but would not know of it:
There in a poole two men their liues expire,
And dye in water to reuiue in fire.
Here hangs the bloud vpon the guiltleſſe ſtones:
There wormes conſume the fleſh of humane bones.
Here lyes an arme: a legge there: here a head,
VVith other limmes of men vnburyed,
Scattring the ground, and as regardleſſe hurl'd,
As they at vertue ſpurned in the world.
Fye hapleſſe wretch, ô thou! whoſe graces ſteruing,
Meaſur'ſt Gods mercy by thine owne deſeruing
VVhich cry'ſt (diſtruſtfull of the power of Heauen)
*My ſinnes are greater then can be forgiuen*:
VVhich ſtill art ready to *curſe God and die*,
At euery ſtripe of worldly miſerie;
O learne, (thou in whoſe breſts the Dragon lurkes)
Gods Mercy (euer) is o'er all his workes.
Know he is pittifull, apt to forgiue;
VVould not a ſinners death, but that he liue.

O euer, euer reſt vpon that word
Which doth aſſure thee, though his two-edg'd ſword
Be drawne in Iuſtice 'gainſt thy ſinfull ſoule,
To ſeperate the rotten from the whole;
Yet if a ſacrifice of prayer be ſent him,
He will not ſtrike; or if hee ſtrucke repent him.
Let none deſpaire: for curſed *Iudas* ſinne
Was not ſo much in yeelding vp the King
Of life, to death, as when he thereupon
Wholy deſpair'd of Gods remiſſion.
*Riot*, long doubting ſtood which way were beſt
To lead his ſteps: at laſt preferring reſt
(As fooliſhly he thought) before the paine
Was to be paſt ere he could well attaine
The high-built palace; gan aduenture on
That path, which led to all confuſion,
When ſodainely a voyce as ſweet as cleare,
With words diuine began entice his eare:
Whereat as in a rapture, on the ground
He proſtrate lay, and all his ſenſes found
A time of reſt; onely that facultie
Which neuer can be ſeene, nor euer dye,
That in the eſſence of an endleſſe Nature
Doth ſympathize with the *All-good Creator*,
That onely wak'd which cannot be interr'd
And from a heauenly Quire this ditty heard.

*Vaine man, doe not miſtruſt*
*Of heauen winning;*
*Nor (though the moſt vniuſt)*
*Deſpaire for ſinning:*
God *will be ſeene his ſentence changing,*
*If he behold thee wicked wayes eſtranging.*

*Climbe vp where pleaſures dwell*
*In flowrie Allies:*
*And taſte the liuing Well*
*That deckes the Vallyes.*
*Faire* Metanoia *is attending*
*To crowne thee with thoſe ioyes which know no ending.*

Here-

Herewith on leaden wings *Sleepe* from him flew,
When on his arme he roſe, and ſadly threw
Shrill acclamations; while an hollow caue,
Or hanging Hill, or Heauen, an anſwere gaue.
O ſacred Eſſence light'ning me this houre!
How may I rightly ſtile thy great Power? Ecchо. *Power.*
Power? but of whence? vnder the greene-wood ſpray,
Or liu'ſt in heauen? ſay. Ecc. *In Heauens aye.*
In Heauens aye! tell, may I it obtaine
By almes, by faſting, prayer, by paine? Ecc. *By paine.*
Shew mee the paine, it ſhall be vnder-gone:
I to mine end will ſtill goe on. Ecc. *Goe on.*
But whither? On! Shew me the place, the time:
What if the Mountaine I doe climbe? Ecc. *Doe: climbe.*
Is that the way to ioyes which ſtill endure?
O bid my ſoule of it be ſure! Ecc. *Be ſure.*
Then thus aſſured, doe I climbe the hill.
Heauen be my guide in this thy will. Ecc. *I will.*
As when a maide taught from her mothers wing,
To tune her voyce vnto a ſiluer ſtring,
When ſhee ſhould run, ſhe reſts; reſts when ſhould run,
And ends her leſſon hauing new begun:
Now miſſeth in her ſtoppe, then in her ſong,
Aud doing of her beſt ſhe ſtill is wrong,
Begins againe, and yet againe ſtrikes falſe,
Then in a chafe forſakes her *Virginals*,
And yet within an hower ſhe tryes a new,
That with her daily paines (Arts cheifeſt due)
She gaines that charming skill: and can no leſſe
Tame the fierce walkers of the wilderneſſe,
Then that *Oeagrian Harpiſt*, for whoſe laye,
*Tygers* with hunger pinde and left their prey.
So *Ryot* when he gan to climbe the hill,
Here maketh haſte and there long ſtandeth ſtill,
Now getteth vp a ſtep then falls againe,
Yet not diſpairing all his nerues doth ſtraine,
To clamber vp a new, then ſlide his feet,
And downe he comes; but giues not ouer yet,
For (with the maide) he hopes, a time will be
When merit ſhalbe linckt with induſtrie.

Now

Now as an *Angler* melancholy ſtanding
Vpon a greene bancke yeelding roome for landing,
A wrigling yealow worme thruſt on his hooke,
Now in the midſt he throwes, then in a nooke:
Here puls his line, there throwes it in againe,
Mendeth his Corke and Baite, but all in vaine,
He long ſtands viewing of the curled ſtreame.
At laſt a hungry *Pike*, or well-growne *Breame*
Snatch at the worme, and haſting faſt away
He knowing it a Fiſh of ſtubborne ſway,
Puls vp his rod, but ſoft: (as hauing skill)
Wherewith the hooke faſt holds the Fiſhes gyll.
Then all his line hee freely yeeldeth him,
Whilſt furiouſly all vp and downe doth ſwimme
Th'inſnared Fiſh; here on the toppe doth ſcud,
There vnderneath the banckes, then in the mud;
And with his franticke fits ſo ſcares the ſhole,
That each one takes his *hyde*, or ſtarting hole:
By this the *Pike* cleane wearied, vnderneathe
A *Willow* lyes, and pants (if Fiſhes breathe)
Wherewith the *Angler* gently puls him to him,
And leaſt his haſt might happen to vndoe him,
Layes downe his rod, then takes his line in hand,
And by degrees getting the Fiſh to land,
Walkes to another Poole: at length is winner
Of ſuch a diſh as ſerues him for his dinner:
So when the *Climber* halfe the way had got,
Muſing he ſtood, and buſily gan plot,
How (ſince the mount did alwayes ſteeper tend)
He might with ſteps ſecure his iourney end.
At laſt (as wandring Boyes to gather Nuts)
A hooked Pole hee from a *Haſell* cuts;
Now throwes it here, then there to take ſome hold,
But bootleſſe and in vaine, the rocky molde,
Admits no cranny, where his *Haſell*-hooke
Might promiſe him a ſtep, till in a nooke
Somewhat aboue his reach hee hath eſpide
A little *Oake*, and hauing often tride
To catch a bough with ſtanding on his toe,
Or leaping vp, yet not preuailing ſo;

Hee

Hee rols a ſtone towards the little tree,
Then gets vpon it, faſtens warily
His Pole vnto a bough, and at his drawing
The earely riſing *Crow* with clam'rous kawing,
Leauing the greene bough flyes about the Rocke,
Whilſt twentie twentie couples to him flocke:
And now within his reach the thinne leaues waue,
With one hand onely then he holds his ſtaue.
And with the other graſping firſt the leaues,
A pretty bough he in his fiſt receiues;
Then to his girdle making faſt the hooke,
His other hand another bough hath tooke;
His firſt, a third, and that, another giues,
To bring him to the place where his roote liues.
Then, as a nimble *Squirrill* from the wood,
Ranging the hedges for his *Filberd*-food,
Sits peartly on a bough his browne Nuts cracking,
And from the ſhell the ſweet white kernell taking,
Till (with their crookes and bags) a ſort of Boyes,
(To ſhare with him,) come with ſo great a noyſe,
That he is forc'd to leaue a Nut nigh broke;
And for his life leape to a neighbour *Oake*;
Thence to a *Beech*, thence to a row of *Aſhes*;
Whilſt through the Quagmires, and red water plaſhes,
The Boyes runne dabling thorow thicke and thin,
One teares his hoſe, another breakes his ſhin,
This, torne and tatter'd, hath with much adoe
Got by the *Bryers*; and that hath loſt his ſhooe:
This drops his band; that head-long fals for haſte;
Another cryes behinde for being laſt:
With ſtickes and ſtones, and many a ſounding hollow,
The little foole, with no ſmall ſport, they follow,
Whilſt he, from tree to tree, from ſpray to ſpray,
Gets to the wood, and hides him in his *Dray*:
Such ſhift made *Ryot*, ere hee could get vp,
And ſo from bough to bough he wonne the toppe,
Though hind'rances, for euer comming there,
VVere often thruſt vpon him by *Deſpaire*.
Now at his feete the ſtately mountaine lay,
And with a gladſome eye hee gan ſuruay

VVhat

What perils he had trode on since the time
His weary feete and armes assayde to climbe.
When with a humble voyce (withouten feare,
Though hee look'd wilde and ouer-growne with haire)
A gentle Nymph in russet course array,
Comes and directs him onward in his way.
Description of the house of Repentance.
First, brings she him into a goodly Hall,
Faire, yet not beautifide with Minerall:
But in a careless Art, and artless care,
Made, loose neglect, more louely farre then rare.
Vpon the floore (ypau'd with Marble flat)
(With Sack-cloath cloth'd,) many in ashes sate:
And round about the wals for many yeares,
Hung Christall Vyals of repentant teares:
And Bookes of vowes, and many a heauenly deede,
Lay ready open for each one to reade.
Some were immured vp in little sheads,
There to contemplate Heauen, and bid their Beads.
Others with garments thinne of Cammels-haire,
With head, and armes, and legs, and feete all bare,
Were singing Hymnes to the *Eternall Sage*,
For safe returning from their Pilgrimage.
Some with a whip their pamper'd bodyes beate:
Others in fasting liue, and seldome eate:
But as those Trees which doe in *India* grow
And call'd of elder Swaines full long agoe
The *Sunne* and *Moones* faire Trees (full goodly deight
And tenne times tenne feete challenging their height)
Hauing no helpe (to ouer-looke braue Towers)
From coole refreshing dew, or drisling showers;
When as the Earth (as oftentimes is seene)
Is interpos'd twixt *Sol* and *Nights pale Queene*;
Or when the *Moone* eclipseth *Titans* light,
The Trees (all comfortlesse) rob'd of their sight,
Weepe liquid drops, which plentifully shoote
Along the outward barke downe to the roote:
And by their owne shed teares they euer flourish;
So their owne sorrowes, their owne ioyes doe nourish:
And so within this place full many a wight,
Did make his teares his food both day and night.

And

And had it granted (from th'Almightie great)
To ſwimme through them vnto his *Mercy-ſeate.*
Faire *Metanoia* in a chaire of earth,
With count'nance ſad, yet ſadneſſe promis'd mirth,
Sate vail'd in courſeſt weedes of Cammels haire,
Inriching pouertie; yet neuer faire
Was like to her, nor ſince the world begun
A louelyer Lady kiſt the glorious *Sun.*
For her the *God of Thunder*, mightie, great,
Whoſe Foot-ſtoole is the Earth, and Heauen his Seate,
Vnto a man who from his crying birth
VVent on ſtill, ſhunning what he carryed, earth:
When he could walke no further for his graue,
Nor could ſtep ouer, but hee there muſt haue
A ſeate to reſt, when he would faine goe on;
But age in euery nerue, in euery bone
Forbad his paſſage: for her ſake hath heauen
Fill'd vp the graue, and made his path ſo eauen,
That fifteene courſes had the bright Steedes run,
(And he was weary) ere his courſe was done.
For ſcorning her, the Courts of Kings, which throw
A proud rais'd pinnacle to reſt the Crow;
And on a Plaine out-braue a neighbour Rocke,
In ſtout reſiſtance of a Tempeſts ſhocke;
For her contempt heauen (reyning his diſaſters)
Hath made thoſe Towers but piles to burne their maſters.
To her the lowly Nymph *Humbleſſa* hight)
Brought (as her office) this deformed wight;
To whom the Lady courteous ſemblance ſhewes,
And pittying his eſtate, in ſacred thewes,
And Letters (worthily yeleep'd diuine)
Reſolu'd t'inſtruct him: but her diſcipline
Shee knew of true effect, would ſurely miſſe,
Except ſhee firſt his *Metamorphoſis*
Should cleane exile: and knowing that his birth
Was to inherit reaſon, though on earth
Some Witch had thus transform'd him, by her skill,
Expert in changing, euen the very will,
In few dayes labours with continuall prayer,
(A ſacrifice tranſcends the buxome ayre)

His grieſly ſhape, his foule deformed feature,
His horrid lookes, worſe then a ſauage creature,
By *Metanoia's* hand from heauen, began
Receiue their ſentence of diuorce from man.
And as a louely Maiden, pure and chaſte,
VVith naked Iu'rie necke, and gowne vnlac'd,
VVithin her chamber, when the day is fled,
Makes poore her garments to enrich her bed:
Firſt, puts ſhee off her lilly-ſilken gowne,
That ſhrikes for ſorrow as ſhee layes it downe;
And with her armes graceth a VVaſt-coate fine,
Imbracing her as it would ne'er vntwine.
Her flexen hayre inſnaring all beholders,
She next permits to waue about her ſhoulders,
And though ſhee caſt it backe, the ſilken ſlips
Still forward ſteale and hang vpon her lips:
VVhereat ſhee ſweetly angry, with her laces
Bindes vp the wanton lockes in curious traces,
VVhilſt (twiſting with her ioynts) each haire long lingers,
As loath to be enchain'd, but with her fingers.
Then on her head a dreſſing like a crowne;
Her breaſts all bare, her Kirtle ſlipping downe,
And all things off (which rightly euer be
Call'd the foule-faire markes of our miſerie)
Except her laſt, which enuiouſly doth ſeize her,
Leaſt any eye partake with it in pleaſure,
Prepares for ſweeteſt reſt, while *Siluans* greet her,
And (longingly) the downe-bed ſwels to meete her.
So by degrees his ſhape all brutiſh vilde,
Fell from him (as looſe skin from ſome young childe)
In lieu whereof a man-like ſhape appeares,
And gallant youth ſcarce skill'd in twentie yeeres,
So faire, ſo freſh, ſo young, ſo admirable
In euery part, that ſince I am not able
In words to ſhew his picture, gentle Swaines
Recall the praiſes in my former ſtraines;
And know if they haue graced any limme,
I onely lent it thoſe, but ſtole't from him.
Had that chaſte *Romane Dame* beheld his face,
Ere the proud King poſſeſt her Husbands place,

Her

Her thoughts had beene adulterate, and this ſtaine
Had wonne her greater fame, had ſhee beene ſlaine.
The Larke that many mornes her ſelfe makes merry
With the ſhrill chanting of her *teery-lerry*,
(Before hee was transform'd) would leaue the skies,
And houer o'er him to behold his eyes.
Vpon an Oaten-pipe, well could hee play,
For when hee fed his flocke vpon the leye;
Maidens to heare him from the plaines came tripping,
And Birds from bough to bough full nimbly skipping;
His flocke (then happy flocke) would leaue to feede,
And ſtand amaz'd to liſten to his Reede:
Lyons and Tigers with each beaſt of game,
With hearing him were many times made tame:
Braue trees and flowres would towards him be bending,
And none that heard him wiſht his Song an ending:
Maides, Lyons, birds, flockes, trees, each flowre, each ſpring,
Were rapt with wonder, when he vs'd to ſing.
So faire a perſon to deſcribe to men
Requires a curious Pencill, not a Pen.
Him *Metanoia* clad in ſeemely wiſe
(Not after our corrupted ages guiſe,
VVhere gaudy weedes lend ſplendor to the lim,
VVhile that his cloaths receiu'd their grace from him)
Then to a garden fet with rareſt flowres,
With pleaſant Fountaines ſtor'd, and ſhady bowres:
Shee leades him by the hand, and in the groues,
VVhere thouſand pretty birds ſung to their Loues,
And thouſand thouſand bloſſomes (from their ſtalkes)
Milde *Zephyrus* threw downe to paint the walkes:
VVhere yet the wilde Boare neuer durſt appeare:
Here *Fida* (euer to kinde *Raymond* deare)
Met them, and ſhew'd where *Aletheia* lay,
(The faireſt Maide that euer bleſt the day)
Sweetly ſhee lay, and cool'd her lilly-hands
VVithin a Spring, which threw vp golden ſands:
As if it would intice her to perſeuer
In liuing there and grace the banckes for euer.
To her *Amintas* (*Riot* now no more)
Came, and ſaluted: neuer man before

More blest, nor like this kisse hath beene another
But when two dangling *Cherries* kist each other:
Nor euer beauties, like, met at such closes;
But in the kisses of two Damaske-Roses.
O, how the flowres (prest with their treadings on them)
Stroue to cast vp their heads to looke vpon them!
How iealously the buds that so had seene them,
Sent forth their sweetest smels to step betweene them,
As fearing the perfume lodg'd in their powers,
Once knowne of them, they might neglect the flowres.
How often wisht *Aminta's* with his hart,
His ruddy lips from hers might neuer part;
And that the heauens this gift were them bequeathing,
To feede on nothing, but each others breathing!
A truer loue the *Muses* neuer sung,
Nor happyer names ere grac'd a golden tongue:
O! they are better fitting his sweet stripe,
VVho on the bankes of *Ancor* tun'd his Pype:
Or rather for that learned *Swaine* whose layes
Diuinest *Homer* crown'd with deathlesse Bayes:
Or any one sent from the sacred VVell
Inheriting the soule of *Astrophell*:
These, these in golden lines might write this Story,
And make these loues their owne eternall glory:
Whilst I a Swaine as weake in yeares as skill,
Should in the valley heare them on the hill.
Yet (when my sheepe haue at the Cesternes beene,
And I haue brought them backe to sheare the greene)
To misse an idle houre, and not for meede,
With choicest relish shall mine Oaten Reede,
Record their worths: and though in accents rare,
I misse the glory of a charming ayre,
My *Muse* may one day make the Courtly Swaines
Enamour'd on the *Musicke* of the Plaines,
And as vpon a hill shee brauely sings,
Teach humble Dales to weepe in Christall Springs.

*Finis Libri primi.*